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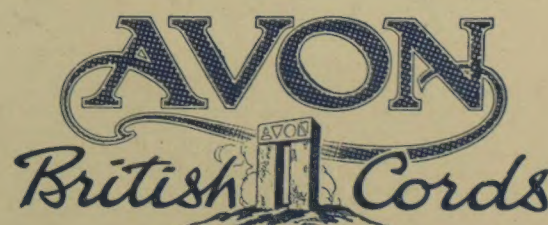
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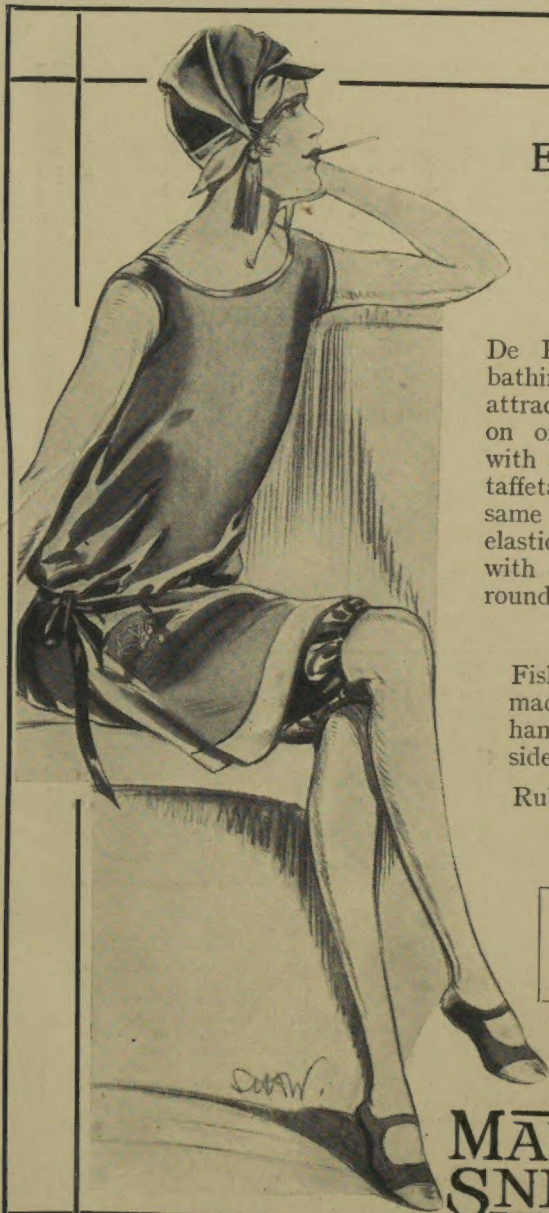
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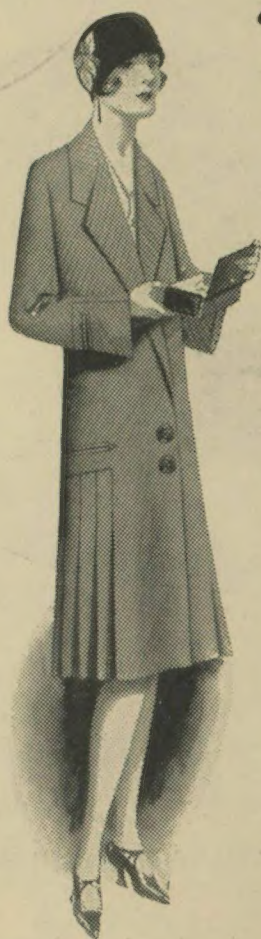
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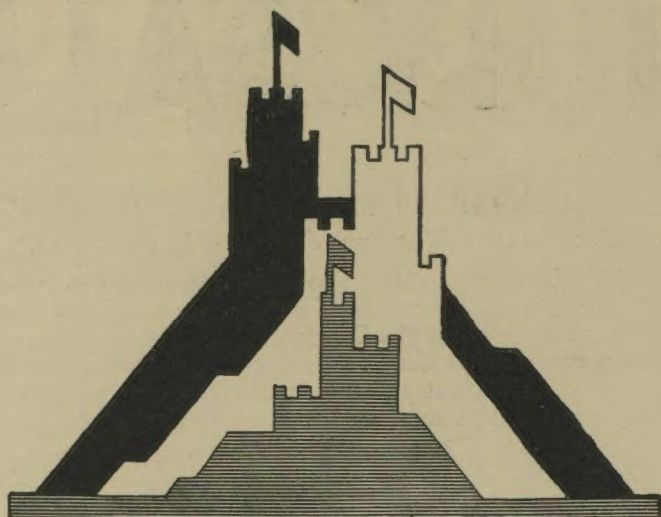
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22 x 22 ins. ..	39/6	26 x 26 ins. ..	49/6

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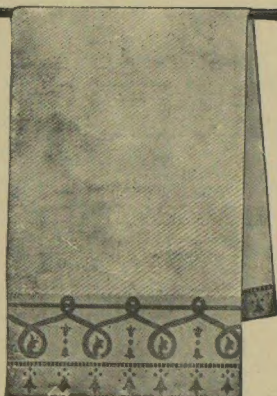
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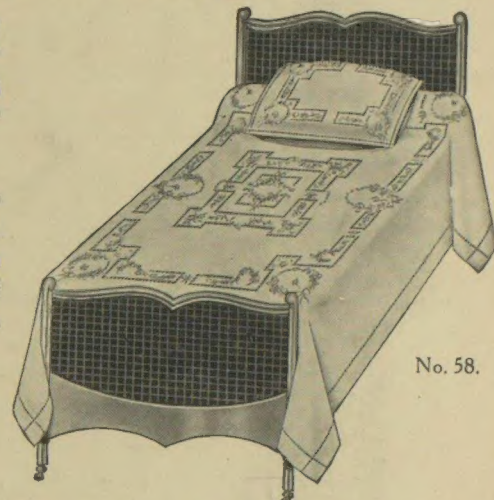
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# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, JUNE 26, 1926.

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## THE FIRST MEMBER OF THE ROYAL FAMILY TO ENTER FOR WIMBLEDON: THE DUKE OF YORK.

The news that the Duke of York had entered for the Men's Doubles in the Lawn-Tennis Tournament at Wimbledon aroused the greatest interest, especially as he is the first member of the Royal Family to take part in it. He is a strong left-handed player. His partner is Wing-Commander Louis Greig, formerly his Equerry and Controller. They won the R.A.F. doubles in 1920. At Wimbledon they were drawn against two veteran international players, Mr. A. W. Gore and

Mr. H. Roper Barrett. The Duke has previously competed in the Services Championships at Queen's Club, and won the mixed doubles in a charity tournament at Highgate, partnered by Miss Peggy Ingram (now Mrs. Bouverie). He plays a good deal at the Mulberry L.T.C. in Kensington. When his entry for Wimbledon was announced, he pointed out that his official engagements must take precedence, but that he hoped nothing would prevent him from playing.

FROM A PHOTO-ETCHING BY SPECIAL PROCESS BY JAMES BACON AND SONS, OF NEW BOND STREET, AND NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.





By G. K. CHESTERTON.

IF I were asked why I think our whole industrial society is cursed with sterility and stamped with the mark of the slave, I could give a great many answers, but one will serve for the moment: because it cannot create a custom. It can only create a fashion. Now a fashion is simply something that has failed to be a custom. It is changed as a fashion because it is a failure as a custom. The rich, who are the most restless of mankind, do one thing after another, and prove in the very process that they cannot create anything that is good enough to last. Their succession of fashions is in itself a succession of failures. For when men have made really dignified and humane things they have always desired that they should remain; or, at least, that some relic of them should remain.

We have statues of all schools of statuary and buildings of all periods of architecture. But fashion, in the feverish sense that exists to-day, is a totally different thing, a merely destructive thing; indeed, an entirely negative thing. It is as if a man were perpetually carving a statue and smashing it as soon as he carved it; as if he were always clumsily fumbling with the clay and had never modelled it to his liking. It is as if people began to dig up the foundations of a house before they had finished putting the roof on; and, indeed, it has come to something very like that in the new spirit as it operates in New York. This is not activity or energy or efficiency; it is certainly not efficiency, for it never achieves its effect; it never regards it as either effective or effectual. It is simply instability and discontent; and one of the marks of it, I repeat, is that it cannot create a custom. It cannot, for instance, create a ceremonial; still less a legend. It can sometimes attempt a rag or a practical joke; it can attempt that very dismal sort of dinner that the millionaires in America call a Freak. But the thing cannot be repeated: even the stupidest millionaire could not stand that.

In the practical joke not played by millionaires there is sometimes a certain crude or even cruel humour; but it is only because the heart is bitter. It is not healthy enough to take anything seriously. It does not understand the innocent appetite for life which made our fathers talk of a merry-making as "a high solemnity." You and I cannot go out into the street and suddenly begin a ritual to be handed down to our remote descendants. We cannot dance before the new moon or stand on our heads in distant salutation of the Antipodes with any real hope that our gravity and earnestness will be generally shared. Something in the mood of the world around us makes us feel that our next-door neighbours would not rush out of their houses to join in the dance. But perhaps it is because we could not invent a really good dance; perhaps, as I have said, our moods only alter because we have never yet found the mood in which it would be worth while to remain.

When the traveller visits a place like Spain, the first thing that strikes him is a change from this atmosphere of hard and barren frivolity to the atmosphere of grave and solemn festivity. The Spaniards still have customs rather than fashions; and their customs come natural to them. They do not need to be changed, because to fresher minds they are always fresh. This is particularly true, for instance, about the sort of ceremonial that everywhere gathers round childhood. In such places it is not only children who understand childhood. Grown-up people understand it so thoroughly that they themselves become what the wise call child-like and the foolish call childish. It can be seen in a hundred things that make a system of communication between two generations. But it can be seen in this above all: that the grown-up people are still capable of inventing a ceremony, as children invent a game. The ceremonies vary, not

is that the old framework allows of these new things; just as the old orchard bears fresh fruit or the old garden fresh flowers. These old civilisations give us the sensation of being always at the beginning of things; whereas mere modern innovation gives us the sensation, even in its novelty, of drawing nearer and nearer to the end.

There is one custom in Spain, and probably in other southern countries, which might be a model of the popular instinct for poetry in action. It is what corresponds to our idea of Santa Claus; who is, of course, St. Nicolas, and in the North the patron of children and the giver of gifts at Christmas. In the South this function is performed by the Three Kings, and the gifts are given at the Epiphany. It is in a sense more logical, which, perhaps, is why it is common among the Latins. The Wise Men are in any case bringing gifts to the Holy Child, and they bring them at the same time to the human children. But there is in connection with it an excellent example of how people who retain this popular instinct can actually act a poem.

The mysterious Kings arrive at the end of the holiday; which again is really very reasonable. It is much better that the games and dances and dramas, which are fugitive, should come first, and the children be left with the presents, or permanent possessions, at the end. But it is also the occasion of a process very mystical and moving to the imagination. The Kings are conceived as coming nearer and nearer every day; and, if there are images of these sacred figures, they are moved from place to place every night. That alone is strangely thrilling, either considered as a child's game or as a mystic's meditation on the mysteries of time and space. On the last night of all, when



HEARD BY THE KING AND QUEEN: "THE JEWELS OF THE MADONNA" AT COVENT GARDEN—SHOWING (ON EXTREME LEFT) MME. JERITZA, WHO RECENTLY SANG BEFORE THEIR MAJESTIES AT WINDSOR CASTLE. The King and Queen arranged to attend the performance of Wolf-Ferrari's opera, "I Gioielli della Madonna" (The Jewels of the Madonna) at Covent Garden on Tuesday, June 22. Their Majesties greatly enjoy the singing of Mme. Jeritza, who takes the principal rôle of Maliella. On the previous Sunday (June 20) she had sung before them in the Drawing-Room at Windsor Castle. The above scene represents a square in Naples during the festival of the Madonna.—[Photograph by the "Times," Taken during a Performance.]

only from place to place, but from century to century. They are not all old, as antiquaries like things to be old; for antiquaries only like things to be antiquated. Just as these living peasantries renew their fields and farms, so they renew their habitations and habits. Just as they restore their churches, by putting new patches on to old buildings, so they renew their games and jokes, putting in many elements in one place which are not found in another.

What is called the Seville procession, of which I wrote last week, exists in many different places besides Seville. But as it is done in many different places, so it is done in many different ways. There are often elements that are in their nature new, that are unexpected in the sense that nobody could possibly expect them. I have heard it said that, sometimes, a man will rush out into the path of the procession and pour out a stream of absurdly spontaneous poetry, like an improvisation on a musical instrument; and that sometimes somebody else (also rather abruptly moved by the Muse) will answer him from a window, with appropriate poetical repartees. But the point

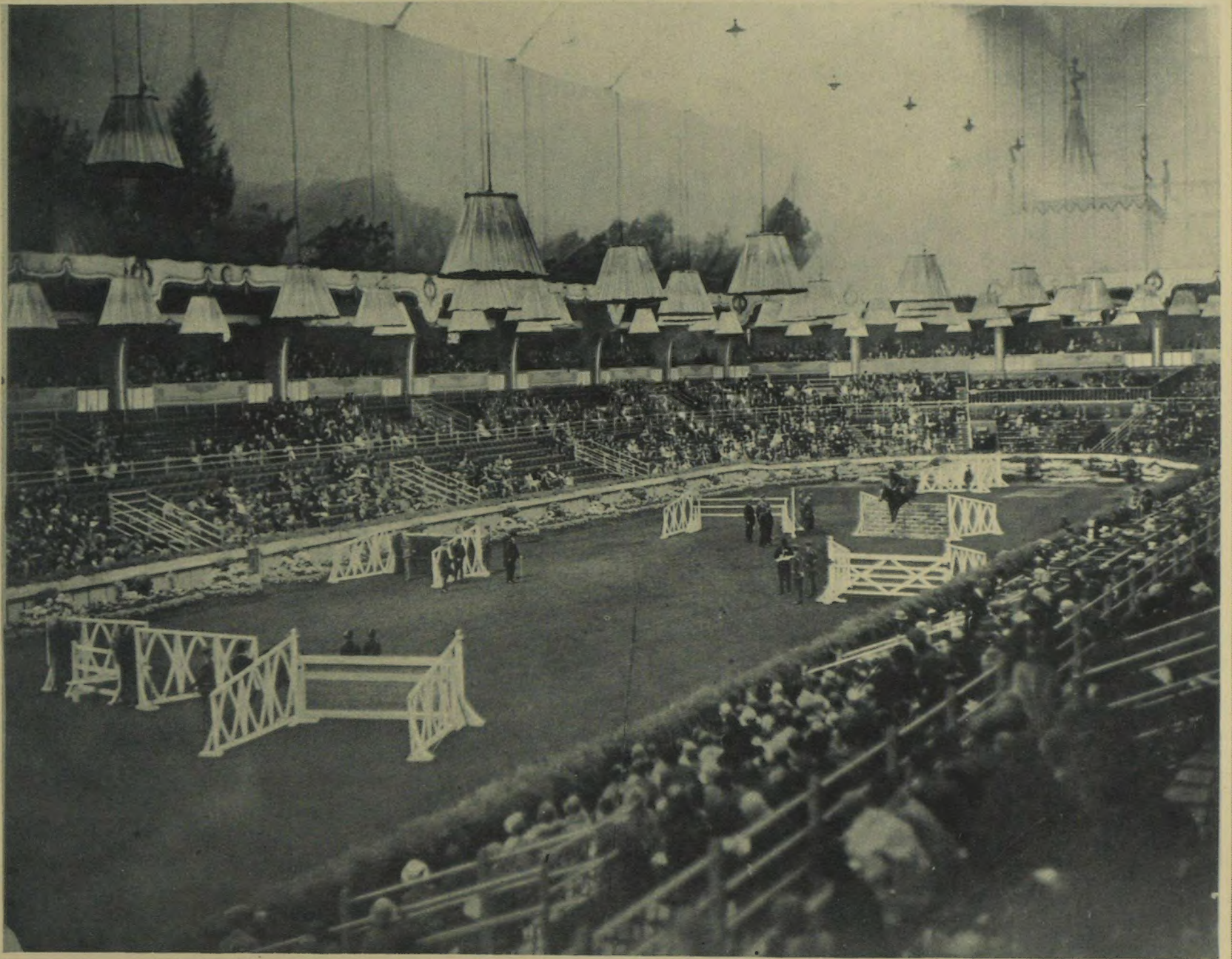
the strange travellers through time are supposed to arrive, the children carefully put out water and green stuff for the camels and the horses of that superhuman cavalcade out of the depths of the East. Even the touch of putting water, so necessary to purely Eastern animals, is enough to suggest that reach of the imagination to the ends of the earth.

Now, that is only one example out of hundreds that can be collected in any valley or countryside, of something which people in simpler times had the power to create; a complete and concrete drama perfectly plain and unfathomably profound. What I want to know about modern civilisation, which in many ways cares so much for beauty, which in some ways cares far too much for beauty, is why it cannot produce these beautiful things. I do not want it to copy Spain and the Three Kings, or to copy Scandinavia and St. Nicolas, or to copy any particular local ritual. But why can it never invent anything of its own? I have long paused for a reply.



## THE HORSE SHOW AT OLYMPIA: SCENES IN THE GREAT ARENA.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE "TIMES" AND G.P.U.



SHOWING THE CHARACTER AND DISPOSITION OF THE VARIOUS "FENCES": THE ARENA AT OLYMPIA DURING THE HORSE SHOW, WITH A COMPETITOR TAKING THE WALL-JUMP.




JUDGING AT THE INTERNATIONAL HORSE SHOW: A SINGLE-HARNESS CLASS UNDER SCRUTINY IN THE ARENA AT OLYMPIA, PICTURESQUELY DECORATED FOR THE OCCASION.


The fifteenth International Horse Show opened at Olympia on June 17, and closes on the 26th. The interior of the building was decorated with a scheme of scenery, in which the tiers of seats represented the sides of a valley sloping down to the arena. On four of the days members of the Royal Family arranged to attend the Show—Princess Mary Viscountess Lascelles at the gala performance

on June 21, to see the jumping for the King George V. Gold Trophy and present the prizes; the Prince of Wales on June 23 (his birthday) to attend the Coaching Club meet; the King and Queen on June 24 to watch the jumping for the Prince of Wales's Cup; and the Duke of Connaught on June 25, to see the jumping for the Connaught Trophy for British officers.





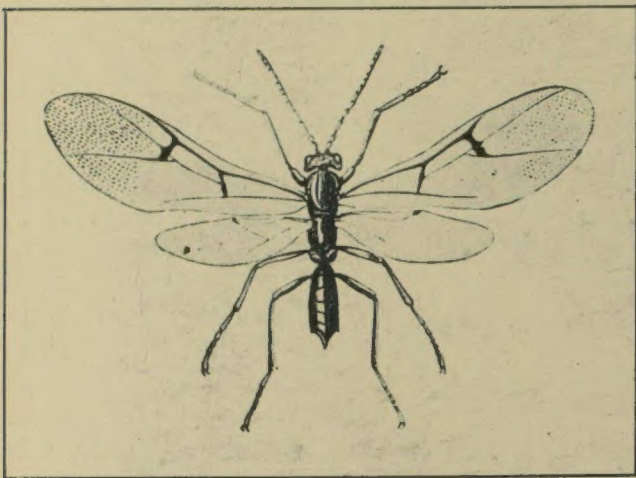
# THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



## OAK-APPLES.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

AT least once a week I contrive to escape into the country, and there is no month in the year's round which does not produce something to make note of. Each month presents its own bill of mental fare. This month of June is almost bewildering in the array of subjects which clamour for notice. And



ONE OF THE GALL-FLIES: *NEUROPTERIS LENTICULARIS*, GREATLY ENLARGED.

not the least of these are the oak-tree and its parasites. Why this, one of the noblest of our trees, should be so especially plagued I cannot say, but, whatever the reason, there can be no gainsaying that it supports a greater variety of animal life than any other. No fewer than ninety-eight species of gall-fly and gall-midge have made it their stronghold, and of this number thirty species are to be found on British oaks.

These insects, allied to the ichneumon-flies and saw-flies, produce the peculiar excrescences known as "galls." One of these, the "oak-nut" or "marble-gall," is known even to the most casual visitor to the countryside; and, moreover, it has some economic importance, since it is largely used in the manufacture of ink. Another, more conspicuous just now, is the "oak-apple." I do not know how the trees fare in other parts of the country, but in Surrey, no more than twenty miles from London, these "apples" could be gathered by the sackful. And they have a very remarkable history. Their general form and position on the twigs is shown in the adjoining photographs, but these, unfortunately, lack the delicious colouring. This, however, changes with age. At first a delicate green, they later assume a pale russet hue, flecked with irregular scales of bright red; though finally they lose their splendour by dark discolorations and irregular cavities exuding a jelly-like matter.

In transverse section they disclose a number of tubular cavities, each occupied by a small white "grub," which will presently pupate. In due season each of these pupæ will give rise to a small fly, armed with an excessively delicate stiletto, but possessing an incredible power of penetrating the relatively hard scales which enfold the tender tissues of the potential leaf. This weapon answers to the sting of the bee. But it is really formed of two excessively fine, curved rods, which between them form a hollow tube, down which, according to some authorities, the egg passes on its way to the leaf-bud. Others say that the egg is really stalked—that it is the stalk which passes down the tube, the egg itself passing along underneath the ovipositor, for such it is. But, be this as it may, the fate of the egg is the matter which really concerns us. It would seem that the embryo to which this gives rise sets up an irritation in the

leaf tissue, so that instead of giving rise to a leaf it forms a mass of cells, on which the developing embryos feed, for a considerable number of eggs are laid at a time in each of the infected leaf-buds.

The earlier investigators—and they began with Réaumur and Malpighi in the seventeenth century—believed the gall to be caused by the injection of a specific poison, at the time the egg is laid; and many eminent men since those early days have adopted this view. But the opinion to-day seems to favour the view that the gall-tissue is caused rather by the stimulus given by the movements of the developing embryo. There is probably something of truth in both factors, and we are concerned here, for the moment, rather with the life-history of the insect than the behaviour of the plant. By the last week in June, or the first week in July, the adult insects make their way out of their living cradle. Since they are not provided with strong, biting jaws, this would be impossible but for the fact that, as the term of larval life comes to an end, the substance of the gall becomes more or less liquefied. And here we have a remarkable contrast with the fly which causes the "gall-nut" or "marble-gall," for this is formed of hard and dry tissue, so that the adult insect can only escape by gnawing a hole through the wall. This is the hole which one always finds in "marble-galls." And so it comes about that the quality of the tissue of the gall comes to be adjusted to suit the character of the mouth-parts of the imprisoned insect!

By the last week in June, or the first week in July, as I have just remarked, in the case of the "oak-apple," the perfect insects escape. But their freedom is short-lived, for after four or five days, during which mating takes place, all die. This fact was long an insoluble mystery to the entomologists, for it was known that the eggs from which they were hatched were laid in December! Then it was discovered that these July flies laid their eggs not in leaf-buds such as they themselves were reared in, but in the roots of the tree, producing a totally different kind of gall. But, stranger still, the insects emerging therefrom are so utterly unlike those which emerge in the summer that they were regarded

as belonging not only to a different species, but to a distinct genus! Only females are produced in this winter generation, and these are all wingless. But it has now been proved that *Biorhiza aptera* and *Terus terminalis*—the summer form—are one and the same insect.

The root-dwelling generation of wingless females is provided with horny jaws, capable of cutting their way out of the hard tissue of the gall. Presently they proceed to emerge from the ground and crawl up the trunk, seeking the winter leaf-buds. In each of those selected she makes a transverse cut, and in the wound lays from 200 to 270 eggs. It seems incredible that so many could be laid in so small a space—not more than one-fifth of an inch in transverse diameter and one-fiftieth of an inch in depth. In the spring the normal buds begin to swell, and in due course become leaves. But the infected buds, if the eggs have



SHOWING THE HOLE BY WHICH THE INSECT ESCAPES: A GALL-NUT (LEFT); WITH AN OAK-APPLE (RIGHT).

The Gall-nut, or Marble-gall, of *Cynips kolleri*, has a hole in the hard outer wall by which the adult insect escapes. The "Oak-apple," made by the summer generation of *Biorhiza aptera*, is formed of spongy tissue, because the jaws of the larvæ are incapable of biting a way out.

perished, die; if, on the other hand, the eggs develop into larvæ, their presence causes the bud to take the form of the "oak-apple." From this it seems clear that the formation of the "gall" is due, not to the injection of a "poison," but to the irritation set up by the larvæ. The most remarkable and most interesting feature of these "galls" is their extraordinary structural differences, for they are formed of identical tissue, which normally would have formed a leaf. Yet *Cynips kolleri*, the maker of the marble-nut gall, causes the formation of no fewer than five different kinds of tissue within the hard external case. The innermost of these, forming the central chamber, is known as the alimentary layer—it furnishes the food for the growing larva—a mass of thin-walled cells filled with protoplasm, starch, granules, oil, and albumen. Next comes a layer of hard, thick-walled cells, and around these are bundles of elongated cells forming a *chevaux de frise*. Next comes a layer of loose cellular tissue rich in tannin, and finally an outer layer of thickened, leathery cells, forming the brown outer coat.

The oak-apple has a hard central core, surrounded by a mass of spongy tissue, which eventually liquefies, and an investing outer cover. The marble-nut contains but a single larva; the oak-apple any number from a dozen to considerably over two hundred. The larvæ, in both cases, to the uninitiated look exactly alike—small, white "grubs"; yet out of exactly the same living tissue they are able to produce such fundamentally different structures! Here is one of the mysteries of the countryside which so far has defied solution.



SOFT AND SPONGY, AND CAPABLE OF LODGING NUMEROUS FLIES: THE TISSUE OF AN OAK-APPLE.

The tissue of the Oak-apple is soft and spongy, and lodges a large number of flies, whereas the Marble-gall contains but one.—The two Oak-apples are nearly mature and the process of the liquefaction of the interior has begun. But for the deposition of eggs within the bud, these "apples" would have been two leaves.



TRANSFORMED BY INSECT EGGS IN THE BUD: OAK-APPLES, WHICH WOULD OTHERWISE HAVE BEEN LEAVES.



## THE EARTH NOW IN CONTACT WITH A COMET?—LUMINOUS CLOUDS.

DRAWN BY SCRIVEN BOLTON, F.R.A.S., F.R.S.A.



## PREDICTED TO RECUR THIS YEAR ABOUT JUNE 27: LUMINOUS CLOUDS DUE TO PONS-WINNECKE'S COMET.

In a note on his drawing Mr. Scriven Bolton says: "Professor H. H. Turner recently drew attention to a letter received in England from Dr. L. A. Kulik, manager of the Meteorite Department of the Academy of Sciences, Russia, suggesting that a look-out should be kept by English observers, from about June 23 to July 3, for a recurrence of the luminous night clouds which, Professor Turner reminds us, converted night into day on July 1, 1908. The phenomenon is ascribed to the earth passing through the dust-strewn track of Pons-Winnecke's comet. The calculations of Dr. Kulik and his collaborators showed that the relative positions of the comet and the earth on June 27 would be much the same as they were

on June 30, 1908. It seemed, therefore, not unlikely that the phenomenon might be repeated, though, of course, some uncertainty attached to this prediction. The bright night clouds would appear white and luminous, and in this respect they should be readily distinguished from the terrestrial ones. Dr. Kulik asked that observers should note the appearance of fireballs from a radiant  $228^{\circ} + 54^{\circ}$ . The bright clouds and fireballs are debris left behind by the comet in its mad rush round the sun every  $5\frac{1}{2}$  years. Enormous quantities of gas and loose fragments are driven off the comet's head. Luminous clouds and fireballs would denote that our globe is sweeping up a tiny percentage of this debris."—[Copyrighted in U.S. and Canada.]



# The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

## THE ETHICS OF NOEL COWARD'S "EASY VIRTUE."—"FOR NONE CAN TELL."

ON the whole, Noel Coward's "Easy Virtue" has not had a good Press: mainly, I think, because the author did not hold the scales evenly. The people in the country house were overdrawn in their rigidity and conventions. The heroine, for whom he claimed our sympathy, paid them back in such manifestations of boredom, such defiance—above all, such coquettish behaviour, when she startled the house-party by her eccentric dress with manners to match—that she became hateful. And yet, I think, even admitting the all-too-thick layer of over-colouring, there is a great deal to be said for the author. He evidently intended to give us a play with a purpose and a moral. He was the counsel for the defence of the woman with a past who hopes to find sanctuary in marriage.

True, she was very, very modern; she hated humdrum, and had that keen appetite for a life of pleasure—watering-places, dances, variety of all sorts. But would she be a bad wife for all that, wedded as she was to a young man madly in love with her and very malleable? Had she been received with cordiality by her new family, and not with preconceived hostility, ready to criticise, to make her uncomfortable, to pry into her past, to weigh and decry her every word and gesture, how differently things might have developed! Even her young husband preferred his rackets to her society. Had he been a man, he would at once have taken her away from those frigid, curbing surroundings; but he was not yet a man, so he drifted, left her to her boredom and the oppression of her antagonistic sisters-in-law. Then why did she not take the reins in hand, and persuade him to break away together—to seek fresh woods and pastures new in freedom? It seems obvious, yet could it be done? She desisted, not because she lacked courage, but because she knew that blood is thicker than water; that this boy-husband of hers was so much under the domination and sway of his people that she would not only gain nothing by severing him from his home surroundings, but lose him into the bargain.

And then, in this hateful existence of dilemma, came the thunderbolt: the discovery that she, the wife, in days gone by had been embroiled in a public scandal, probably a divorce case (we are not exactly told its nature). From that moment her life of purgatory became hell. She was treated as an outcast, something unclean. It was this uprooting of her past, the past she had tried to redeem and to obliterate, that changed her passivity into open revolt and passionate vituperation of the narrow souls around her; that convinced her that no power on earth could reconcile her to these people; that never, never could she live with them; that in due course even her husband would be infected by the scrutinising mania of the women of his family; that there was only one issue—flight, with all the consequences of a divorce, and—as far as her future was concerned—heaven knows what? Perhaps the primrose path, but, at any rate, liberty, the right to "I am I."

It is this defence of the woman with a past which to me renders the play so interesting and illuminating. For once an author has had the courage to demonstrate—it is written everywhere between the lines—that, in these days approaching the equality of the sexes, it is monstrous that woman should always be a sufferer for past error and that man goes scot-free whatever he may have done within the limits of the penal code. Nor do I see in the play a plea for license: it is a

plea for letting bygones be bygones, for "*tout comprendre*"; it is a plea for a woman's right of rehabilitation and for the moral duty to aid her in this work of building life anew, and a condemnation of such intolerance as is contrary to the neighbourly spirit of Christian teaching.

Big Ben chimes 7.45 a.m. In a little parlour in

of the murdered woman, the injustice of the police, the arrest of the boy on circumstantial evidence—in another quarter the debate on capital punishment (somewhat one-sided), and the mental agony of the real culprit, who had killed in a paroxysm, not knowing what he was doing—after all this harrowing agony and suspense, the finale sounded like a hymn of thanksgiving.

"For None Can Tell,"

by Percy Robinson, is the effusion of a true humanitarian, who sees and feels and projects it in the vibration of his being. I would not call it a play of propaganda, although the discussion of the death penalty has that aspect, and would be bettered by rendering the *pros* as cogent as the *cons*. But the primary object of the author was not merely the exposure of such possibilities as might send an innocent person to the scaffold, but to carve a slice from life and to lay bare the mentalities of all the characters directly and indirectly concerned with the action. He himself figures as the reasoner of the play, a novelist whose humanitarian propensities would lead him to shield the real culprit, his nephew, until, after the trial, the enormity dawns upon him that, in saving the murderer,

he becomes an accessory to the judicial murder of the guiltless boy. In that awful recognition, he sees no way out except surrender before it is too late, or to let his nephew end his life by his own hand.

It is a bold and terrible scene in which the boy, after unspeakable qualms and outbursts of conscience, reveals his determination to shoot himself. The uncle feels that he must not stay his hand: there is no choice, for even the fact that the young fellow has been slightly unbalanced from birth would not alter the course of the law. It meant the pistol or the gallows, and so he prefers to let him die as a man, instead of a felon. Some would say he should have persuaded him to let justice run its course, that his encouragement—or rather, his want of discouragement—of suicide was sinful; but, as we saw the situation, it was the only possible solution. It hurt, but it was logical, and there was something human in this self-sought immolation, some solace in the reflection that the guilty would suffer, and not the innocent. And, as I said above, the end was as balm on our feelings, flayed to the raw. "For None Can Tell" should forthwith come West. It is far too good to have but one week's life, for it appeals to the heart as well as to the intellect.

Next to that truly great actress, Miss Mary Rorke, the "Queen Mother" among all those who play maternal parts on our stage, the acting of Mr. Frederick Peisley as the boy who committed the murder remains unforgettable. He played with great fervour, with an emotional force that literally shook us. We saw not only a youth in the upheaval of brain and nerves and the everlasting dread of rue and detection. We saw, as it were, the inner working of a soul in agony—not only God's mill that grinds slow but sure, but God's mill wildly driven by the fly-wheel of conscience. Others—the author-actor, Mr. Fewlass Llewellyn, Mr. Ben Webster, Mr. Wallace Geoffrey (the guiltless boy, true to life in his obvious innocence), Mr. Victor Lewisohn, Miss Drusilla Wills—co-operated in an excellent *ensemble*. The find of Mr. Percy Robinson's firstling is a feather in the cap of "Q's" director, Mr. Jack de Leon.



THE GUITRY SEASON AT THE GAIETY THEATRE: A SCENE FROM THE NEW OPERETTA, "MOZART"—M. SACHA GUITRY (LEFT) AS BARON GRIMM, AND MME. YVONNE PRINTEMPS (RIGHT BACKGROUND) AS THE YOUNG MOZART LEAVING THE "DOVECOTE" HE HAS "FLUTTERED" IN PARIS.

Photograph by Waléry.

Kennington four people listen in agony, for in a quarter of an hour a boy will be hanged, the innocent victim of another's crime. His mother knows it, and, while the others pray, she is about to indict the all-mercifulness of God, when a priest enters and stems her imprecation. For at the eleventh hour the King's pardon has arrived, and anon the boy rushes into the arms of his despairing mother. It was a glorious scene of heart-searching pathos.

We were all moved to tears by the tension, the



THE GUITRYS IN THEIR LATEST SUCCESS: M. SACHA GUITRY AND HIS WIFE (MME. YVONNE PRINTEMPS) IN M. GUITRY'S NEW OPERETTA, "MOZART," RECENTLY PRODUCED AT THE GAIETY.—[Photograph by Waléry.]

veracity of the situation, by the acting of Mary Rorke—in features, in body, in the infinite tenderness of her voice, the incarnation of all that motherhood means. After all that had gone before—the discovery



## MOZART AS AN "INNOCENT ABROAD": THE NEW GUITRY OPERETTA.

PHOTOGRAPH BY SASHA.



THE GUITRYS IN LONDON: Mlle. YVONNE PRINTEMPS AS MOZART (SEATED), AND M. SACHA GUITRY AS BARON GRIMM. IN HIS NEW OPERETTA, "MOZART," JUST PRODUCED AT THE GAIETY THEATRE.

That famous and versatile French actor-dramatist, M. Sacha Guitry, and his wife, Mlle. Yvonne Printemps, arranged to begin their new season at the Gaiety on June 21, with M. Guitry's new operetta, "Mozart," which recently ended a successful run of seven months in Paris, and is to continue here for three weeks. The Guitrys are both seen to great advantage in "Mozart," a deliciously light and delicate piece, which captures the cynical charm of the eighteenth century,

and has very attractive music. Mlle. Printemps plays the young Mozart, and M. Guitry is his patron in Paris, Baron Grimm. The young musician fascinates everyone with his genius, and is apparently the incarnation of innocence; but he "flutters the doves" of Paris by various love affairs, and eventually has to be sent away. The cast of "Mozart" also includes Mlle. Germaine Gallois, Mme. Georgette Delmares, Mme. Edith Merannes, M. René Maupré, and M. Maurice Debry.



## "Fatal Exits": The Eye for Eye-Lash Era.

"THE COMPLETE NEWGATE CALENDAR": A COLLATION By J. L. RAYNER AND G. T. CROOK.\*

THOSE ignorant of the "Newgate Calendar" and its kind will find an unexpectedly grim fascination in the Histories of Notorious Characters who "took the paths of infamy to become famous," and were duly "expos'd to publick view," in print, "for the common Benefit of Mankind." But that is not all.



"AN INCREDIBLE MONSTER WHO, WITH HIS WIFE, LIVED BY MURDER AND CANNIBALISM IN A CAVE": SAWNEY BEANE AT THE ENTRANCE OF HIS "HOME" IN GALLOWAY.

The semi-fabulous Sawney Beane was born some time in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, while King James I. governed only in Scotland. He was the father of a family of robbers, and is said to have been a cannibal.

Reproduced from "The Complete Newgate Calendar," by Courtesy of the Navarre Society.

They will realise—perhaps for the first time—the quality of the crimes and the barbarities of the punishments of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, to say nothing of the early nineteenth, during which, in 1828, the Quaker Joseph Hunton went to the scaffold for forging bills of exchange, and, in 1831, John Amy Bird Bell was hanged at the age of fourteen—for murder, it is true. "Fatal exits" were easy of achievement. Justice took, not eye for eye, but eye for eye-lash! Death was the inevitable *riposte* for murder, but it also avenged many a lesser act against the community. Men, women, and children "died by the rope," were "hanged at convenient time," went "off the stage in a very resolute manner," were "launched into eternity," were "deprived of" their "mortal state of existence," were "turned off," were "provided for" by the hangman (and, often enough, were "anatomised" by the surgeons), for ill-deeds imprisonment or fine would now atone. There were not many Judges who pronounced doom after addressing the accused "in the most pathetic manner"; crowds were unashamedly ghoulish; such a one as Pepys could write of the end of Colonel James Turner, of the City Militia, merchant and thief: "Up, and after sending my wife to my aunt Wight's, to get a place to see Turner hanged, I to the 'Change; and seeing people flock in the City, I enquired, and found that Turner was not yet hanged. So I went among them to Leadenhall Street, at the end of Lyme Street, near where the robbery was done: and to St. Mary Axe, where he lived. And there I got for a shilling to stand upon the wheel of a cart, in great pain, above an hour before the execution was done; he delaying the time

by long discourses and prayers, one after another, in hopes of a reprieve; but none came, and at last he was flung off the ladder in his cloak." Twelve or fourteen thousand people were present!

Life, in fact, was cheap. The extreme penalty followed convictions for "assisting to steal an heiress," as in the case of the Sir John Johnston who suffered at Tyburn in 1690; for shop-lifting; burglary; forging sixpenny stamps; arson; holding-up the mails; highway robbery; sheep-stealing; setting fire to a barn; forging seamen's "tickets"; forging an East India warrant in order to avoid bankruptcy; treason; for perjury and failing to make full disclosure of effects in bankruptcy—this in 1761; for cutting and maiming; for "dumminishing" gold coins by filing; stealing salt (and shooting at an exciseman); forging wills; the "wicked and wasteful crime" of burning hay; and for various other offences. Then there were brandings on hand and face; "noble" beheadings by the "Maiden," or guillotine, in Scotland; drawings and quarterings; the strangling and burning of women for *petit treason*, husband-murder—this until the thirtieth year of the reign of George III. Few prosecutors, with the "equal eccentricity and humanity" of Thomas Oldfield, pleaded for leniency for the accused, even were it an affair of mere assault, putting in fear, and the theft of sixpence and a penny-piece.

Oddities of action were paralleled by oddities of counter-action. The curious in criminality vied with the curious in condemnation.

Alister Macgregor, "accused of having conspired the destruction of the name of Colquhoun, its friends and allies," was executed in 1604, and, later, as a consequence, a statute was passed "ordaining that the whole of the Clan Macgregor . . . should appear before the Privy Council and give surety for their good behaviour . . . that the surname of Macgregor should be abolished, and the individuals adopt some other; that no minister should baptise a child, or clerk or notary subscribe a bond or other security, under the name of Macgregor, under pain of deprivation." This was rescinded at the Restoration.

John Chislie of Dalry, examined concerning the murder of Sir George Lockhart, in 1689, was tortured under an Act of Parliament passed for the purpose, "to discover if he had any accomplices in the crime."

In 1748, the Vice-Chancellor, Heads of Houses, and Proctors of the University of Oxford determined to put down "tumultuous disturbances and outrages committed in the public streets of Oxford, by young scholars of the University," and had three striplings tried for sedition. One was acquitted. The others were ordered "to be fined five nobles each, to suffer two years' imprisonment in the King's Bench Prison, and to find two sureties for their good behaviour for seven years, themselves to be bound in five hundred pounds and their securities in two hundred and fifty pounds each; and that they immediately walk round Westminster Hall, with a label affixed to their foreheads, denoting their crime and sentence, and to ask pardon of the several Courts."

Judgments, however, were not as queer as malefactors' ways and legal charges. There would have had to be very notable judicial ingenuity to match certain of the deeds done and the accusations made.

Leave out the question of the half-fabulous Sawney Beane, of the days of James I.—"An incredible Monster who, with his Wife, lived by Murder and Cannibalism in a cave." Neglect such "great names" as Captain James Hind and those others who fell from high estate and took to the highway and the robbery of regicides and Roundheads; Gilder-roy, who hanged a Lord of Session; Moll Cutpurse, thief and fence; the gallant footman Claude Du Vall, highwayman, card-sharper, and "alchemist" who conveyed precious metal into the basest sort by melting the gold set, as lead is set in a pencil, in the stick with which he stirred the contents of his crucible; Colonel Blood, who stole the Crown from the Tower in 1671, and was pardoned and pensioned by the King; "Swift" Nicks, who made that ride to York with which Ainsworth credited Dick Turpin; Turpin himself; Kidd; Blueskin; Jack Sheppard; Jonathan Wild; William Corder, who murdered Maria Marten in the Red Barn; John Price, called Jack Ketch; and the rest of their kindred: you have still romance of the strangest.

Thomas Wynne's conscience "flew in his face" twenty years after he had done a murder, and he confessed. Will Macqueer stole the Lord Chancellor's Mace and Purse and boasted "how he made his companion carry the two prizes before him through

the park in the same manner as they were carried before the Lord Chancellor, while he walked in state behind them." Thieves purloined a coffin, in order to sell the lead for a penny a pound. In 1804, honest Francis Smith shot at the white form of the Hammer-smith Ghost and killed a bricklayer, "who was in a white dress, the usual habiliment of his occupation." Dick Bauf was a cat burglar of 1702, one of a gang of Grumeis, "who take their name from the similitude of their practice to that of the young boys who climb up to the tops of the masts at sea with great activity, and are called cats, or Grumeis, by the sailors. The thieves that bear this name are housebreakers who make use of a ladder of ropes, with hooks in one end of it, by which they easily ascend to the chamber windows, having fastened their ladders with a long pole." Tom Gerrard taught a dog to pick pockets; Roderick Audrey, executed at Tyburn in 1714, at the age of sixteen, had a sparrow which he threw into houses, through open door or window, following it in order to steal plate, and giving its escape as excuse when found in the house. Fifty-nine years later, William Cox had the same trick. In 1812, John Davies and S. Levy, old-clothes men, were given six months' imprisonment for having bought guineas at a higher price than their natural value—at twenty-five shillings each. Tom Rowland took the road in woman's dress and robbed himself to notoriety and Tyburn. In 1809 William Hewitt was indicted for enticing an artificer, a cotton-dyer, to leave the country and emigrate to the United States of America. He was sentenced to pay a fine of five hundred pounds and to three months' imprisonment.

There, having indicated their contents, we leave the five volumes of "The Complete Newgate Calendar" to the reader, warmly commending their format and assured of their success. "The World, my Dear," said Peachum—well knowing that, like William Nevison, most evil-doers are "very favourable to the female sex"—"hath not such a Contempt for Roguery as you imagine." And the World will revel in a renewal of acquaintance with "the romance and colour of human lives which, if not always of



THE ORIGIN OF THE GUILLOTINE: THE "MAIDEN" IN USE AT EDINBURGH FOR THE EXECUTION OF JOHN HAMILTON ON JUNE 30, 1716.

Reproduced from "The Complete Newgate Calendar" by Courtesy of the Navarre Society.

the most exalted, are certainly among the most vivid"—provided always that it indulges in 'Seren-dipity,' that serene dipping which is so much better than a surfeit.

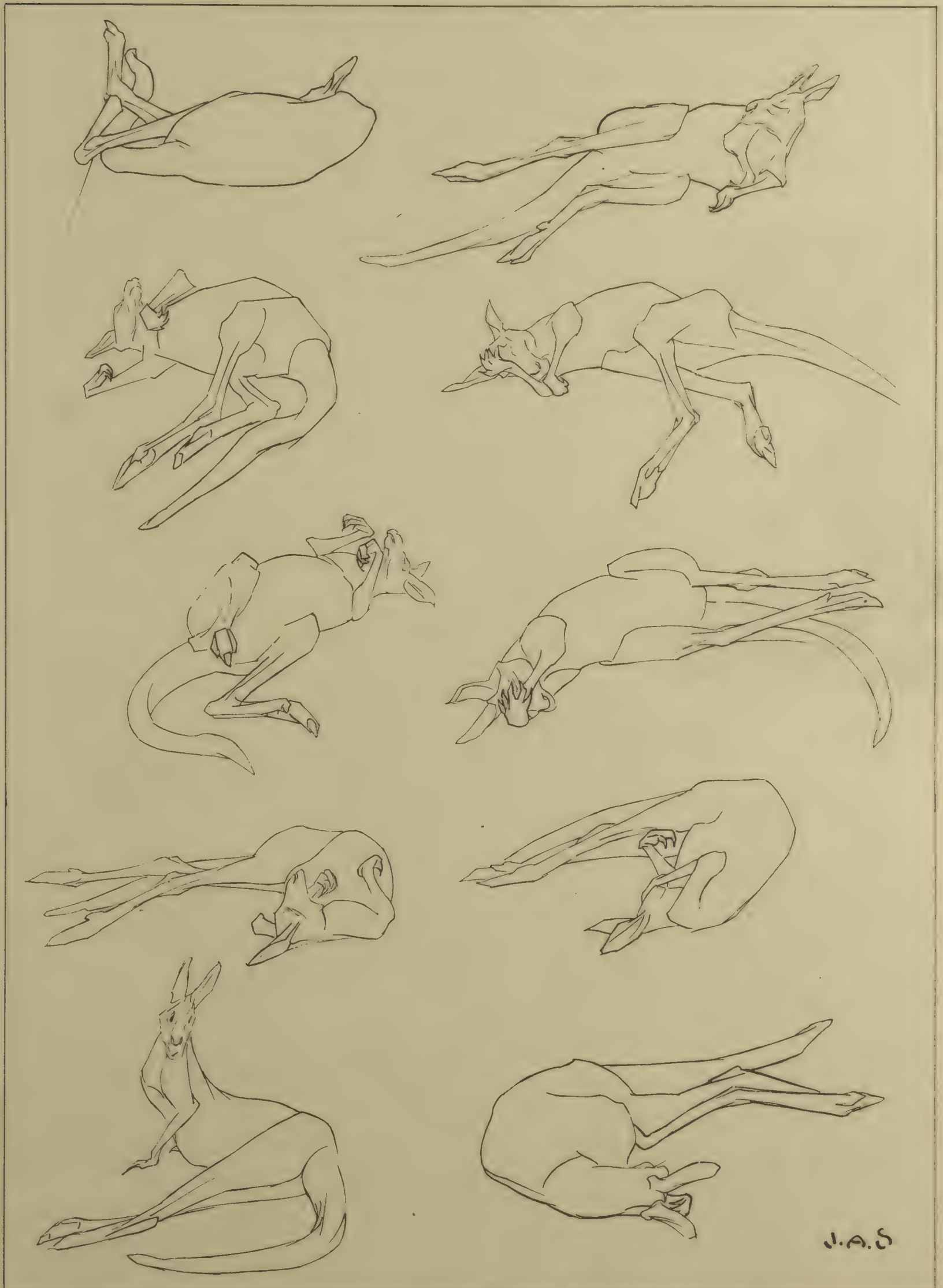
E. H. G.

\* "The Complete Newgate Calendar": A Collation, with some Appendices, by J. L. Rayner and G. T. Crook. In Five Volumes. Illustrated. (Privately Printed) for the Navarre Society, Ltd., New Oxford Street; £3 7s. 6d. net.)



# HUMOURS OF THE "ZOO": STUDIES OF ANIMAL LIFE.—No. XVIII.

DRAWN SPECIALLY FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," BY J. A. SHEPHERD.



WAS IT NERVOUS AGONY OVER THE TEST MATCHES, DISGUST AT THE NOTTINGHAM FIASCO, OR MERELY INDIGESTION ?

## STRANGE CONTORTIONS OF THE DREAMING KANGAROO.

"These sketches," writes Mr. Shepherd, "were drawn in the sequence as they appear on this page. Was the kangaroo dreaming of a critical moment in a Test Match—the agonies of a high uplifted ball—would it win or lose the match? Or was he simply suffering from indigestion? The keeper thought

the latter explanation was correct, and that the animal had eaten something which disagreed with him. We stand by our first suggestion, as the kangaroo ultimately awoke, and, finding that all was well, immediately fell peacefully asleep again."



## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

THE habit of bolting

literary food—not invariably appetising or well cooked—in large quantities and variety, is apt to blunt the palate and produce mental indigestion. Reviewing, however, does not upset me quite so seriously as it did Mr. Richard Kearton, one of the well-known pair of brothers who were pioneers of bird-photography. In his new book, "A NATURALIST'S PILGRIMAGE" (Cassell; 7s. 6d. net), he writes—

Years ago I used to contribute signed reviews of natural history books to a London daily paper, but the difficulties encountered in being just and truthful, without appearing unkind, were so great that I wrote and told the editor I would rather go to prison than review another book. If anyone were to offer me, alternatively, reviewing for the best-paying news-sheet in London or the trundling of a chestnut barrow in the Strand, I should unhesitatingly jump at the latter as a means of earning my livelihood and preserving my peace of mind.

I hardly think that Mr. Kearton can have been faced with this dreadful dilemma, for I have not found any "chestnuts" among his many amusing anecdotes.

Though enjoying authorship more than reviewing, he is not impressed with its financial rewards. Out of a dozen successful books, he tells us, he has "taken less per hour for time expended than anybody else who has touched them, whether compositor, block-maker, machine-minder, book-binder, or the man who has sold them over a counter. . . . a plain statement that may help the British working man to a knowledge of the fact that the brain-slave is not being overpaid."

Mr. Kearton's book is a breezy record of his experiences, first as a Yorkshire farm lad in Swaledale, and afterwards as publisher's assistant at La Belle Sauvage, journalist, nature-photographer, and lecturer. His lecturing tours took him to America, where he went bird-observing with Theodore Roosevelt—"dear Bull Moose," as he calls him. In his journalistic days he came in touch with many notables of the 'nineties. Thus, "I knew the late Oscar Wilde," he says, "very well. His scintillating brilliance used to charm me. It sometimes flashed from a rather dull, heavy face like forked lightning from a thunder-cloud."

Naturally, I turned from this passage to see what Mr. Richard Le Gallienne would have to say on the same subject in "THE ROMANTIC '90'S—" (Putnam; 10s. 6d. net), and there I found, in his concluding pages on Wilde as "the incarnation of the spirit of the '90's," a perfect little cameo of personal and critical appreciation, at once candid and sympathetic. "If there was evil in him," he writes, "there was also a great good. His success developed a dangerous arrogance, and he lost the captainship of his soul, but that his soul was essentially pure and his heart tender, no one who knew him well could for a moment doubt. I knew him well and am proud to have been his friend."

Mr. Le Gallienne gives some new examples of Wilde's brilliant wit and also one of his improvised fables, likening destiny to a magnet. I wonder whether he got the idea from the song in "Patience" (where he himself was caricatured as Bunthorne) about the magnet that "set his love on a silver churn." Many of his *mots* held depths of thought, as when he hoped that some day, when men were civilised, it would seem natural to say: "We will not go to war with France, because her prose is perfect."

I could ramble on indefinitely about Mr. Le Gallienne's delightful book, as it recalls to me so many memories of The Bodley Head, and its presiding genius, John Lane, just after the *fin-de-siècle* decade. There is a delicious glimpse of Mr. Lane and Mr. Le Gallienne arriving at the Albany, from a nocturnal curio-hunting expedition, "each with a Sheraton chair on his head, carrying our hats in our hands, oblivious of the amused passers-by." That was so like Mr. Lane as I knew him. There are equally human reminiscences of many others in the same circle—among them Aubrey Beardsley, Sir William Watson, John Davidson, Stephen Phillips, William Sharp, Lionel Johnson, Lord de Tabley, and Francis Courtts (the late Lord Latimer), as well as earlier recollections of Pater, Stevenson, Oliver Wendell Holmes, George Meredith, and (through Meredith) of Tennyson. I like the story of Mr. Le Gallienne shadowing Swinburne as he approached

the Rose and Crown on Putney Common, wondering "Will he pass it?" or "Will he go in?" He was not left in doubt; for "as a billiard ball glides into the pocket, the author of 'Atalanta in Calydon' suddenly disappeared."

Mr. Le Gallienne's emigration to America (some twenty years ago or more), though a loss to our literary world, has, I think, done him good as a writer, enriched his personality and matured his style. His book, which is illustrated by Max Beerbohm's caricature of the author and seventeen facsimile letters from famous contemporaries, comes to us across the Atlantic like an echo from a forgotten past, almost like a voice from the dead. It recalls a London of which he wrote in verse—

Like dragon-flies, the hansoms hover  
With jewelled eyes, to catch the lover.

These lines occur in a charming little anthology, closely associated with his own volume, both in personal and epochal interest—"THE BOOK OF BODLEY HEAD VERSE," Being a Selection of Poetry published at the Bodley Head, chosen and edited by J. B. Priestley, with a preface by J. C. Squire (Lane; 6s. net; New York; Dodd, Mead and Co.) All the voices from that "nest of singing-birds" find place on the programme, and together they give a very delectable poetic concert. The book is dedicated to the memory of John Lane, of whom, as man and publisher, Mr. Squire gives an admirable estimate.

The compiler and sponsor of this anthology appear again as collaborators in "GEORGE MEREDITH," by J. B. Priestley (Macmillan; 5s. net), a new volume of "English

"message" than his method, which I feel to be neither verse nor prose, and unsatisfying precisely because he rejected a metrical system. But let us hear what Mr. Bailey thinks. "I find in Whitman," he sums up, "first, a great poet who often wrote dull and ugly nonsense, and secondly, the prophet and pioneer of free verse who triumphed in it as not even the best of his followers have triumphed, and failed as scarcely the worst have failed. It seems to me that in his resolve to deliver verse from the hard Egyptian bondage of a few forms and models, he was right and partly succeeded, and has paved the way for the success of others. On the other hand, his attempt to make the naked sentence do the work of the line seems to me to fail." In short, Whitman was right to break away from rigid formality, and enlarge the variety and spontaneity of verse, but wrong to reject form altogether, for without some sort of form verse is no longer verse.

Miss Edith Sitwell, who is regarded as one of our leading poetic rebels to-day, and, with her brothers Osbert and Sacheverell, recently demonstrated at Chelsea an interesting new mode of recitation by mask and megaphone, admits far more form in her poetry than Walt Whitman did, for she uses blank verse, regular stanzas, and rhyme. I am judging, at least, by the selection of her vibrant and picturesque verse given in one of the "AUGUSTAN BOOKS OF MODERN POETRY" (Ernest Benn, Ltd.; 6d. each). Five more of these dainty white paper booklets have reached me,

containing respectively poems of Laurence Binyon, Alice Meynell, Humbert Wolfe, Bret Harte, and Thomas Campion. The "Augustan Age" of the series is evidently comprehensive. The Laurence Binyon booklet contains that most frequently, but not always correctly, quoted-of war poems—"For the Fallen." Not everyone, perhaps, knows the origin of the beautiful and familiar lines—

They shall grow not old, as  
we that are left grow old;  
Age shall not weary them,  
nor the years condemn.  
At the going down of the  
sun and in the morning  
We will remember them.

If Mr. Binyon had written nothing else, this poem would have assured him an enduring fame.

Satire has been too much neglected of late in English poetry. Modern society awaits its Juvenal, and I think Mr. Chesterton suggested the other day that the next great poet might adopt the style of Pope. A step in the right

direction is made in "SATIRICAL POEMS," by Siegfried Sassoon (Heinemann; 3s. 6d. net), but his ink-pot at present hardly contains enough gall (see Mr. Pycraft on oak apples in this number). One must be thoroughly embittered and possessed with an ecstasy of scorn to write satisfactory satire. For one of his victims—a blandly boisterous Dean—Mr. Sassoon has chosen a setting that will shortly be topical—the 'Varsity match at Lord's—

Aware that, whichever side bats best,  
Their partisans are equally well-dressed.

There were some other items on the menu this week, but my space, if not my capacity, is "full up." These items included a long narrative poem born of the war, entitled "CONFLICT AND QUEST," by F. S. Stevenson (Longmans; 10s. 6d. net); a book of critical essays, "REASON AND ROMANTICISM," by Herbert Read (Faber and Gwyer; 7s. 6d. net); a new volume in the Republic of Letters, "VOLTAIRE," by Richard Aldington (Routledge; 6s. net); another work in which Voltaire figures conspicuously, "THE LIBERATION OF MANKIND": The story of Man's Struggle for the Right to Think. By Hendrik Willem Van Loon (Harrap; 7s. 6d. net); a new edition of "CRUISES IN SMALL YACHTS," by H. Fiennes Speed (Imray, Laurie, Norie, and Wilson, Ltd.; 12s. 6d. net); and a well-known detective's reminiscences—"ROGUES AND OTHERS," by Charles Arrow (Duckworth; 10s. 6d. net). These inviting dishes must go back into my "larder," where I hope they will "keep" for a week or two; and, as Macbeth said, "Now good digestion wait on appetite."

C. E. B.



THE 711TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE SEALING OF MAGNA CHARTA: THE SCENE ENACTED IN A "MASKE" AT EGHAM, ON THE DAY BEFORE THE COMMEMORATION SERVICE AT RUNNYMEDE.

King John sealed Magna Charta at Runnymede on June 15, 1215. This year (the 711th anniversary) the annual celebration took the form of a religious service at Runnymede on Sunday, June 20, when Lord Hewart, the Lord Chief Justice, gave a historical address. On the 19th the sealing of Magna Charta was enacted as prelude to a Tudor "maske" at Great Fosters, Egham, near Runnymede, organised by Lady Gisborough.—[Photograph by Fox Photos.]

Men of Letters," of which Mr. Squire is the general editor. Another addition to the same series is "WALT WHITMAN," by John Bailey (Macmillan; 5s. net). Both are excellent studies of their respective subjects, with the critical element predominating over the biographical. Mr. Priestley finds in Meredith an earlier source of modernism than the men of the 'nineties. "Half the new ideas of last year can be found . . . in some little lyric or other that Meredith wrote fifty or sixty years ago." He escaped from the dilemma between orthodoxy and evolution that impaled most Victorian men of letters, for he was (says Mr. Priestley) "a pure pagan."

Like some other famous novelists, Meredith "began and ended his literary career with poetry, and preferred to be thought a poet, but it was his fiction that made him famous." Mr. Priestley analyses the novels, and the Meredithian style, with great skill, placing "The Egoist" among the six best works of fiction in English. Meredith's poetry, he points out, has aroused great diversity of opinion. "He is everything from Apollo to a corn-crake. . . . It [his poetry] might be compared to a very rich pudding, containing the most varied and delightful ingredients, that does not make friends with the palate because it has not been properly mixed and cooked."

Mr. John Bailey has aptly quoted some lines from Meredith by way of preface to his study of Walt Whitman—lines wherein the English poet acknowledges that large-hearted American as a son of the Muse—

. . . albeit the Muse's livery  
And measured courtly paces rouse his taunts.

Personally, I was always more attracted to Whitman's



## ASCOT SUNDAY: CROWDED SCENES ON THE RIVER AND IN THE PARK.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE "TIMES" AND C.N.



ASCOT SUNDAY ON THE RIVER: THE CUSTOMARY CROWD AT BOULTER'S LOCK, NEAR MAIDENHEAD, WATCHING THE PASSAGE OF PUNTS AND OTHER CRAFT THROUGH THE LOCK IN A CONSTANT PROCESSION.



ASCOT SUNDAY IN HYDE PARK: CHURCH PARADE IN ROTTEN ROW—GIRL RIDERS AND OTHERS IN THE ROW, AND THE CUSTOMARY CROWD THRONING THE FOOTPATH AS PEDESTRIANS OR SPECTATORS.

Ascot Sunday, following the great Society race week, is always the occasion of gay scenes on the river and in the Park, where Ascot frocks reappear in all their multi-coloured variety. Boulter's Lock, near Maidenhead, is a favourite point for crowds to gather and watch the passage of hundreds of boats—skiffs, punts, and launches—going through the lock on their way up or down stream. This

year it was noted that there were many more mechanical craft than usual, including electric launches and canoes, some with bows like a punt and dicky seats like a motor-car. The people in cars on the road appeared to outnumber those on the water, and riverside men expressed the opinion that, owing to the growth of motoring, Ascot Sunday on the Thames was not what it used to be.



# STONE AGE ART IN AMERICA: REMARKABLE DISCOVERIES.

PHOTOGRAPHS AND DESCRIPTIONS BY MAJOR O. S. MCCLEARY, U.S. ARMY (RETIRED).



PREHISTORIC SCULPTURE FROM THE LOWER COLUMBIA RIVER VALLEY: A STONE ANIMAL PROBABLY REPRESENTING A BUFFALO. (7 IN. BY 4 IN.)



CARVED WITH HUMAN FACES IN PANELS AND OWL FACES BETWEEN THE PANELS: TWO SIDES OF A STONE BOWL. (5 IN. BY 3 IN.)



A RELIC OF PREHISTORIC FIGHTING: A WAR-CLUB HEAD OF BANDED STONE. (3½ IN. BY 1½ IN.)



EXHIBITING MAGNIFICENT TECHNIQUE: AGATE AND OPALESCENT ARROW-HEADS, FINELY SHAPED AND POINTED, USED BY PREHISTORIC BOWMEN IN AMERICA THOUSANDS OF YEARS AGO.



REMARKABLY FINE EXAMPLES OF STONE AGE WORK: OBSIDIAN AND AGATE ARROW-HEADS, SOME WITH SERRATED EDGES, A FIGURE OF A BEAR (LOWER RIGHT CORNER) AND A TOOL (LOWER LEFT CORNER).



WITH CONVENTIONAL SUNRAYS FOUND IN NEARLY ALL ROCK-DRAWINGS IN THE LOCALITY: A LARGE CARVED FACE.

A discovery of great importance in the study of prehistoric America is represented by the above photographs of Stone Age relics from the Lower Columbia River. "The arrow-heads especially," says a high authority to whom we submitted them, "exhibit magnificent technique. On the whole, as a group, nothing better, to my knowledge, has come out of this region." Their discoverer, Major O. S. McCleary, writes: "Although many sections of the United States were more densely populated by the American Indian than the Lower Columbia River valley, none offered so bountifully the requisites for permanent habitation, nor to-day

offers superior evidence of long and continuous occupation. From June until October the salmon ascending the river and its tributaries not only furnished an easy livelihood, but, dried and packed, supplied the major portion of winter's necessities, as well as furnishing the means of barter with surrounding tribes. In the autumn months wildfowl swarmed in the sloughs, while the elk and deer were driven almost to the tribal camps by early snows in the mountains. Islands in the river and the swamps supplied the camas and other succulent bulbs, while early spring brought shoals of smelt into the tributaries. Under such auspicious

(Continued opposite.)



# PREHISTORIC RELICS FROM THE LOWER COLUMBIA RIVER.

PHOTOGRAPHS AND DESCRIPTIONS BY MAJOR O. S. McCLEARY, U.S. ARMY (RETIRED).



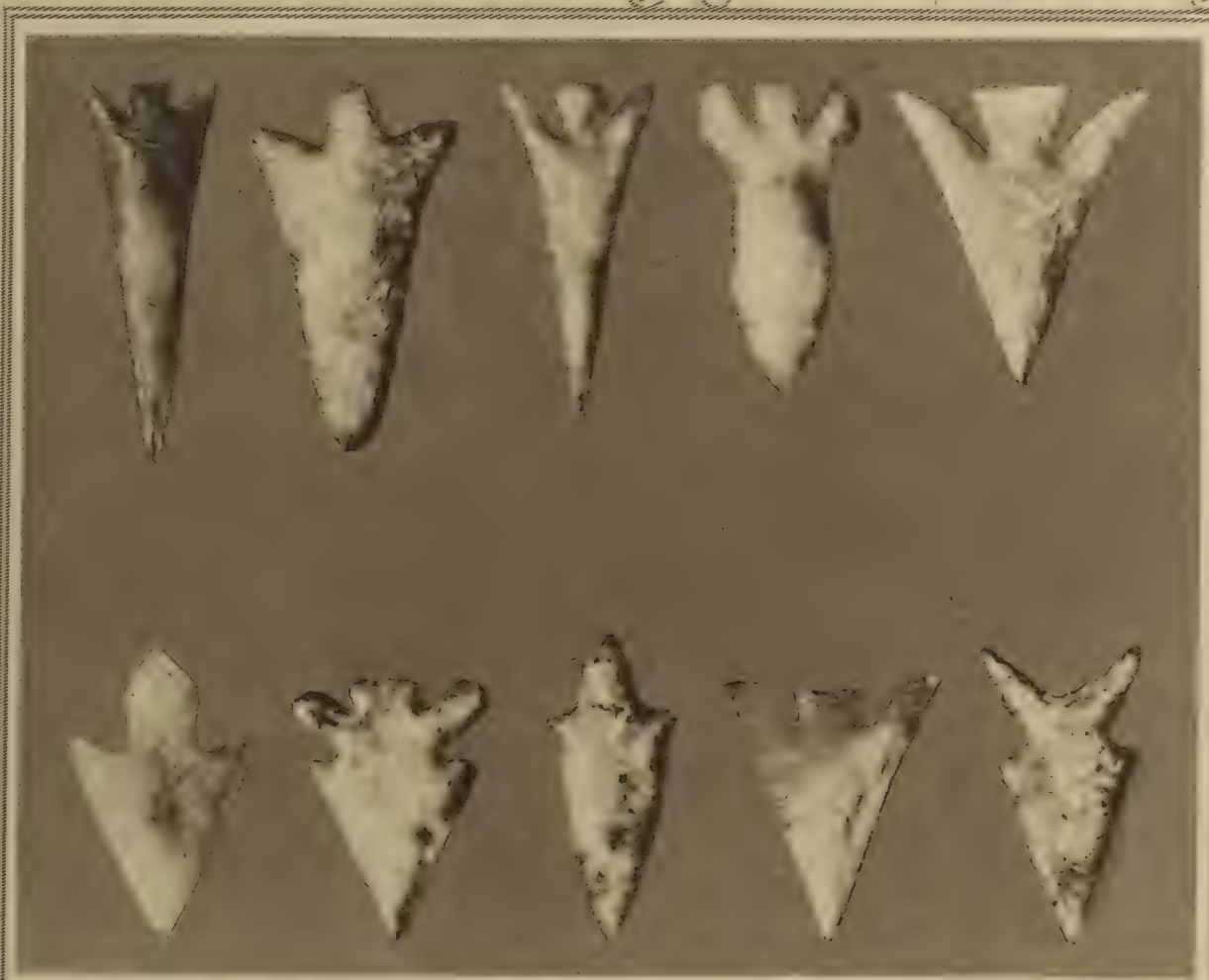
UNSURPASSED IN ARTISTRY BY ANYTHING FOUND IN THE SAME REGION: OBSIDIAN AND AGATE ARROW-HEADS DISCOVERED IN THE LOWER COLUMBIA RIVER VALLEY.



ORNAMENTED WITH AN OWL-FACE: A BEAUTIFULLY FINISHED STONE PESTLE OF PREHISTORIC MAKE.



FINELY SHAPED AND HIGHLY POLISHED: A STONE CUTTING TOOL. (9½ IN. BY 3 IN.)



REMARKABLE FOR THEIR BEAUTY AND VARIETY OF DESIGN AND THEIR HIGHLY FINISHED WORKMANSHIP: AGATE ARROW-HEADS FROM THE LOWER COLUMBIA RIVER VALLEY.

*Continued.]*

circumstances, and still further favoured by winters never rigorous, it is not remarkable that the tribes built houses and established permanent towns. Of these the largest was that at the Big Eddy, a few miles east of The Dalles, Oregon. There, for perhaps thousands of years, was located the great fishery and trading emporium of the whole North-West. From the east came buffalo hunters to trade meat and robes, and later, horses. According to Irving's 'Astoria,' the catching and packing of salmon became an industry, and its barter was attended by all the knavery for which these traders were celebrated. It was thus

that this locality became richly strewn with tools and weapons of the Stone Age. In fineness of material and workmanship, beauty of design and ornamentation, these artifacts cannot be surpassed. The North-West Indian knew nothing of the potter's art, or else found it useless for his needs. Baskets and stone bowls were his cooking utensils, and both were elaborately ornamented, as were even the commonest household tools. This ornamentation most frequently took the form of animals, birds, and fish. The human face, the sun, the phallus, and such conventionalised designs as imagination suggested, were, however, frequently used."



## THE BEAUTY OF THE BRITISH CHILD—BY PHOTOGRAPHY.

PORTRAIT STUDIES BY MARCUS ADAMS, THE CHILDREN'S STUDIO, 43, DOVER STREET.



1. MOLLY, DAUGHTER OF MRS. SWEENEY.  
2. SARAH, DAUGHTER OF THE HON. RICHARD AND MRS. NORTON.  
3. ANN, DAUGHTER OF MAJOR AND MRS. J. B. PAGET.

4. PHOEBE, DAUGHTER OF NAOMI, LADY HOUSTOUN-BOSWALL.  
5. JOYCE AND DIANA MOSELEY.  
6. DOREEN, DAUGHTER OF MRS. SELIGMAN.

7. DAPHNE, DAUGHTER OF MRS. WEDEKIND.  
8. JOAN, DAUGHTER OF LADY GARNSEY.  
9. AVRIL, DAUGHTER OF MRS. STOBART.

The exquisite beauty of British children is an accepted fact, and the blonde, blue-eyed baby so typical of our Anglo-Saxon race is justly admired everywhere. Above we give some portrait-studies of specially charming children, which not only record the grace and daintiness of the sitters, but are examples of the achievement of one of the best-known of the camera-artists of the day.—Miss Sarah Norton is a granddaughter of Lord Grantley. Her mother, the Hon. Mrs. Richard Norton, is considered one of the prettiest women in Society.—Miss

Joan Garnsey is the daughter of Sir Gilbert and Lady Garnsey.—Miss Phoebe Houston-Boswall is the only child of Naomi, Lady Houston-Boswall and of the late Captain Sir George Houston-Boswall, fourth Baronet. All the children pictured on this page appeared this week at Daly's, and took part in the Children's Dancing Matinée there, organised by Miss Vacani in aid of the Infants' Hospital and Children's Country Holiday Fund. They appeared in various charming ballets, and are shown in the stage costumes worn on the occasion.



# THE BEAUTY OF THE BRITISH CHILD—BY AN ARTIST.

FROM THE PICTURES BY EDMOND BROCK, EXHIBITED AT THE ALPINE CLUB GALLERIES. REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF THE ARTIST AND OWNERS. COPYRIGHTS RESERVED.



JOHN BUCKMASTER, SON OF MISS GLADYS COOPER:  
AN EDMOND BROCK PORTRAIT.



VISCOUNT GREY DE WILTON, SON OF THE EARL OF WILTON.



SYBIL AND EDWARD, CHILDREN OF THE HON. GEORGE  
AND MRS. LAMBTON.



LADY MARY STEWART, YOUNGEST DAUGHTER OF THE MARQUESS  
OF LONDONDERRY.

Mr. Edmond Brock is well known for his delightful portraits of children, and much interest has been roused by his exhibition at the Alpine Club Gallery, which opened on June 2 and continues until the end of the month. All the pictures reproduced on this page are on view at this show, and make an interesting comparison with the camera-portraits of lovely boys and girls which are reproduced on our facing page.—John Buckmaster is the son of Miss Gladys Cooper, the well-known actress.—Sybil and Edward are two of the children of the Hon.

George Lambton, the well-known trainer. The picture shows them with their ponies on Newmarket Heath, where they often accompany their father and mother and watch the horses working.—Viscount Grey de Wilton is the only child of the Earl and Countess of Wilton, and was born in 1921.—Lady Mary Stewart is the youngest child of the Marquess and Marchioness of Londonderry, and is now in her sixth year. Mr. Brock usually paints his young sitters in an outdoor setting, and achieves a very beautiful English effect.



# THE HORRORS OF COAL-PITS IN THE DAYS OF DISRAELI'S "SYBIL."

By WALTER SHAW SPARROW.



AMONG the duties of writers on art there is one that is often avoided, neglected, or forgotten, though it is really the most important of all—if art and life are to be colleagues; and it is also

Earlier and equally humane blows had been struck by Sadler and Lord Ashley, better known as Lord Shaftesbury, who at first set themselves to rescue the little child slaves—from five years of age and upwards—whom the improvised factory system had entrapped and depraved. Many hundreds of little girls and boys were sent in wagons from London to Lancashire and Yorkshire, where they toiled for

asked for higher wages. Work by children, then, lessened the economic pressure that produced strikes and lock-outs. Childhood suffered martyrdom in the cause of cheapness. Everybody wanted cheap coal, from pitheads through a line of distributors and retailers to householders in towns; and, as collieries in the same district competed strenuously against one another in the same markets, there was no co-ordination of management to hold in check the gathering costs both of distribution and of cut-throat competition.

Coal-owners soon settled themselves into the conviction that it was much easier and safer to press down wages than to interfere either with routines of wasteful competition or with the desire for profits among too many distributors and retailers. This attitude of mind among coal-owners has lasted through a hundred years and more, unchecked by any public opinion; and to get rid of it is the main object of Samuel's Commission, as it was of Sankey's. But no bad thing can last through a century unless it can retain a very powerful voting strength at General Elections; hence Parliament must be held responsible for the tragical slowness of all-round reform in the immense coal industry.

Here on my table is a half-sheet of foolscap containing historic information about wages that my father's underground manager obtained for me about forty-six years ago. It records the annual wage-rate paid to coal-getters in the South Staffordshire district from 1833 to 1874 inclusive. During these forty-one years the pay for dangerous work never once rose above 3s. 9d. a day, and it reached this sum in only five years—in a part of 1836, through 1837, 1838, 1839, and a part of 1840, after which date it did not reappear till February 1873. A month later notice was given of a drop to 3s., and a partial strike began and lasted four months. Some collieries remained at work paying the 3s. 9d. wage, but the strikers were defeated by hunger, and on July 20 work was begun again at the full reduction. A year later, in September, wages ranged from 3s. to 2s. 9d.

When Disraeli was gathering his terrible facts, wages ranged from 3s. 6d. to 2s. 3d. and even 2s. a day. Trade was fitful, and the sinful truck shop—known among miners and cursed as the "tommy" shop—was in vogue; pay-day came once in five weeks, and miners' wives catered between pay-days at the tommy shop, where prices were higher than

(Continued on page 1150)



CHILD-LABOUR IN COAL-MINES OF THE 'FORTIES: A LITTLE "TRAPPER" (ON RIGHT) OPENING AN AIR-DOOR FOR A TRUCK TO PASS THROUGH.

"The trappers sit with a string attached to the door, and pull it open the moment they hear the corves (coal-trucks) at hand, and the moment one has passed they let the door fall to. . . . They are in the pit the whole time it is worked, frequently above twelve hours a day. They sit, moreover, in the dark."

All the illustrations on this page and the extracts accompanying them are reproduced from woodcuts and an article in "The Cyclopædia of Useful Arts" (1840-5).

a fascinating duty as soon as any mind begins to seek adventure among its historic interests. For it centres around the history of British Labour as illustrated from age to age in drawings and prints and pictures; labour of every sort and condition, farming, building, commercial fishing, shipbuilding and work in seagoing ships, handicrafts in towns and in teeming factory districts, iron-mines and ironworks, and grim collieries, at first very simple, then large and "modern," or Victorian, with gaunt pitheads and weekly tolls of killed, maimed, and wounded.

I have always been attracted by the Labour aspects of art, because I was born, so to speak, among ironworkers and colliers, my father employing both, as well as many other skilled workers. All around in a district of hills and valleys were contrasts of quiet farming and the increasing fever of industrial improvisation with cut-throat competition. Before I had entered my earliest 'teens and velveteens, I had fallen in love with Labour, its kindness and its courage and strength of body; and little and little as I grew older I learnt to understand what J. F. Millet meant when he said: "My programme is work. Every man is doomed to bodily punishment. 'In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread' was written ages ago: an immovable fate

hours, while those between thirteen and eighteen could be employed twelve hours daily, or sixty-nine a week. Progress creeps.

In 1840 Ashley turned his noble charity towards colliery reform, obtaining a Commission on the abominable slavery imposed underground on women and small girls and on little boys, some phases of which I show here in woodcuts. But, although the facts collected at first hand were shameful enough to be almost fiendish, Parliament compromised in 1842, forbidding the employment of women in coalpits, but sanctioning the service of boys above ten, and girls above thirteen. From ten to thirteen, boys might still be employed three days in a week. When Ashley in 1847 carried through Parliament, though opposed by Government, a reform forbidding the employment of "a young person" for more than ten hours a day, it was said that the people had won a victory over official England.

But this was not quite true. So depraved was home life by insecure work, bad wages, and child slavery that reformers were opposed almost incessantly by parents, partly because the total earnings were lessened in a great many families, and partly because tremendous difficulties became active as soon as men



A TYPICAL ACCIDENT TO WHICH GIRL MINERS OF THE 'FORTIES WERE EXPOSED: "COAL-BEARING IN THE EAST SCOTLAND MINES."

"The coal-bearers are almost all girls and women. . . . The tugs, or straps, are placed over the forehead, and the body bent. . . . It not unfrequently happens that the tugs break, and the load falls upon those females who are following."



"NAKED TO THEIR WAIST; AN IRON CHAIN FASTENED TO A BELT OF LEATHER RUNS BETWEEN THEIR LEGS": A GIRL "HURRIER" IN A HALIFAX COAL-PIT OF THE 'FORTIES. "These corves are dragged by children through passages, some not more than 16 to 20 inches in height; they buckle round their naked persons a broad leather strap, which is attached in front to a ring and about 4 ft. of chain."

that will never change. . . . Yet here for me is the real humanity, the great poetry. . . ."

Tragic poetry it often is, as the illustrations to this article bear witness. They are simple woodcuts which I have treasured through about fifty years, from early boyhood, together with the book in which they were published before the middle of the 1840's, a volume of "The Cyclopædia of Useful Arts." They date from those very years in which Benjamin Disraeli studied at first hand, with more and more pity and alarm, the condition of the English people, and then struck a magnificent blow in defence of oppressed and depressed Labour by writing "Sybil; or, The Two Nations," meaning the nation of the rich and the nation of the increasing poor.

was home life by insecure work, bad wages,

and child slavery that reformers were opposed almost incessantly by parents, partly because the total earnings were lessened in a great many families, and partly because tremendous difficulties became active as soon as men



"THEIR BODIES ARE ALMOST HORIZONTAL": THREE CHILDREN MOVING A COAL-TRUCK—"HURRIERS" IN A LANCASHIRE COAL-PIT" OF THE 'FORTIES.

"In Lancashire and Cheshire, the seams are very thin, and young children are employed. The illustration represents three children 'hurrying' a loaded wagon of coals. The child in front is harnessed by the belt or chain, and is drawing, while the two behind are pushing. Their . . . bodies are almost horizontal."



TERRIBLE WORK FOR WOMEN AND GIRLS IN THE COAL-MINES OF THE 'FORTIES: A CORKSCREW ASCENT UP A "TURN-PIKE STAIR."

"The height ascended, and the distance along the 'roads,' when added together, exceed the height of St. Paul's Cathedral."



## THE COLOUR OF BRITISH BIRDS : A NATURALIST'S ART.



ONCE INDIGENOUS, BUT NOW ONLY A RARE VISITOR: THE GREAT BUSTARD (MALE AND FEMALE),  
"THE LARGEST OF OUR LAND BIRDS"



"LOVED ALIKE BY THE SPORTSMAN AND THE NATURALIST".  
THE COMMON PARTRIDGE (MALE AND FEMALE).



A TRIO FROM NATURE'S CIRCUS: (L. TO R.) THE BLACK-WINGED STILT, THE AVOCET, AND THE  
GREY PLOVER (SUMMER).



BIRDS OF PASSAGE IN THIS COUNTRY: (LEFT) THE GLOSSY IBIS (ADULT AND IMMATURE) AND  
(RIGHT) THE SPOONBILL.



"KNOWN ALSO AS THE WOOD-GROUSE AND COCK OF THE WOOD":  
THE CAPERCAILLIE (MALE AND FEMALE).

The beauty of our native birds, and those that visit this country at certain seasons, has never been better portrayed than in the exquisite colour-plates painted by Mr. Archibald Thorburn, F.Z.S., as illustrations for his own work, "British Birds." The new edition, in four volumes, with 192 colour-plates altogether, will be treasured by all bird-lovers. The third volume has recently appeared, and from it we reproduce

here five of the 48 plates which it contains; while a review of the book, by Mr. W. P. Pycraft, is given on a later page. Each plate, it may be mentioned, is accompanied by the author's description of the aspect and habits of the birds represented. Similar colour reproductions from the first two volumes were published in our issues of June 6 and October 31 last year.



## SPORTING ART IN POTTERY: BRITISH GAME BIRDS AND FISH.



HAND-PAINTED ART POTTERY OF A DISTINCTIVE BRITISH TYPE: SPORTING PLATES IN DOULTON' WARE—

(1) MALLARDS; (2 AND 3) SALMON JUMPING; (4) JACK PIKE; (5) PHEASANTS; (6) CANADA GROUSE.

Pottery as well as canvas forms an attractive medium for the work of the sporting artist, as shown by these examples of Doulton ware in that *genre*. An interesting suggestion was made recently in "The Pottery and Glass Record" on the subject of art decoration in English pottery. "There is a general feeling abroad," says

the writer, "that British manufacturers need something in the way of national characteristics in design to stamp British-made goods with the hall-mark of this country. . . . The creation of an all-British style would undoubtedly benefit trade." No subject could be more characteristic of British taste than that of sport.

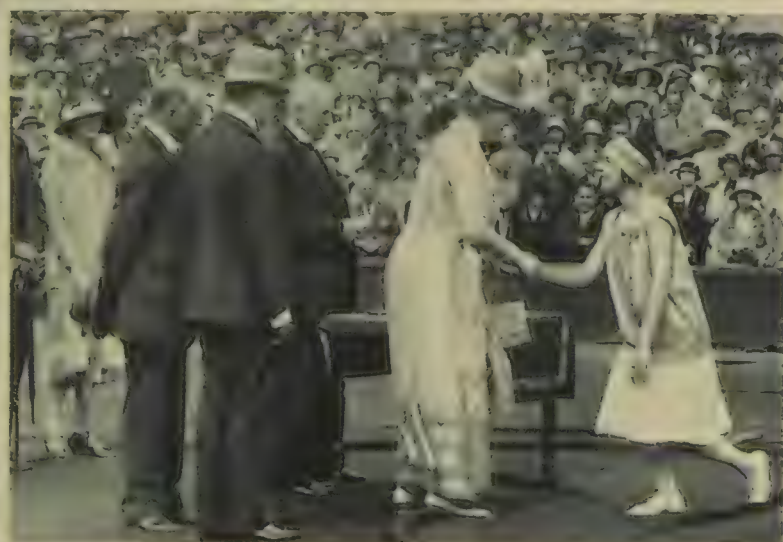


# WIMBLEDON JUBILEE: THEIR MAJESTIES AND LAWN-TENNIS CHAMPIONS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY G.P.U., PHOTOPRESS, ALFIERI, SPORT AND GENERAL, AND TOPICAL.



THE KING GREETES THE LADY CHAMPION OF 1924: MRS. GODFREE (MISS KITTY MCKANE) PRESENTED TO HIS MAJESTY.



THE QUEEN GREETES THE REIGNING "QUEEN" OF THE LAWN-TENNIS COURTS: HER MAJESTY SHAKING HANDS WITH Mlle. LENGLEN.



JUST IN TIME AFTER RUSHING OVER FROM PARIS BY AIR: M. JEAN BOROTRA (1924 CHAMPION) WELCOMED BY THE QUEEN.



IN THE ROYAL BOX: (FROM LEFT TO RIGHT) THE QUEEN, THE EX-QUEEN OF PORTUGAL, THE KING, EX-KING MANOEL OF PORTUGAL, AND THE DUKE OF YORK



SEVEN TIMES LADY CHAMPION: MRS. LAMBERT CHAMBERS GREETED BY THE KING.



THE FIRST LADY CHAMPION (IN 1884 AND 1885) RECEIVES HER MEDAL FROM THE QUEEN: HER MAJESTY SHAKING HANDS WITH MISS MAUD WATSON



THE SENIOR CHAMPION PRESENT RECEIVES HIS MEDAL FROM THE QUEEN: MR. P. F. HADOW, WINNER OF THE SINGLES IN 1878 (THE SECOND YEAR).

The opening of the Wimbledon lawn-tennis tournament on June 21 this year—the jubilee of the meeting—was made memorable by the presence of the King and Queen. As noted on our double-page, giving a general view of the scene, a number of ex-champions—men and women—were presented to their Majesties, and the Queen handed to each a commemorative silver medal. The first name on the roll of singles champions is that of Mr. S. W. Gore, who won in 1877. In the following year the winner was Mr. P. F. Hadow, and he was the senior ex-champion at the jubilee ceremony. Last year's champion, M. René Lacoste, has been prevented from competing this year owing to ill-health, and was not

present. His compatriot, M. Jean Borotra, who was champion in 1924, flew from Paris to Croydon by aeroplane, and rushed on to the centre court just in time to receive his medal from the Queen. The lady champions present were headed by the first on the list, Miss Maud Watson, who won in 1884 and 1885. Mrs. Lambert Chambers, who before her marriage was known as Miss Dorothea Douglass, was champion under her maiden name in 1903, 1904, and 1906, and under her married name in 1910, 1911, 1913, and 1914. Mlle. Lenglen has been lady champion six times—every year from 1919 except 1924, when she retired through illness. In that year the champion was Miss Kitty McKane (now Mrs. L. A. Godfree).

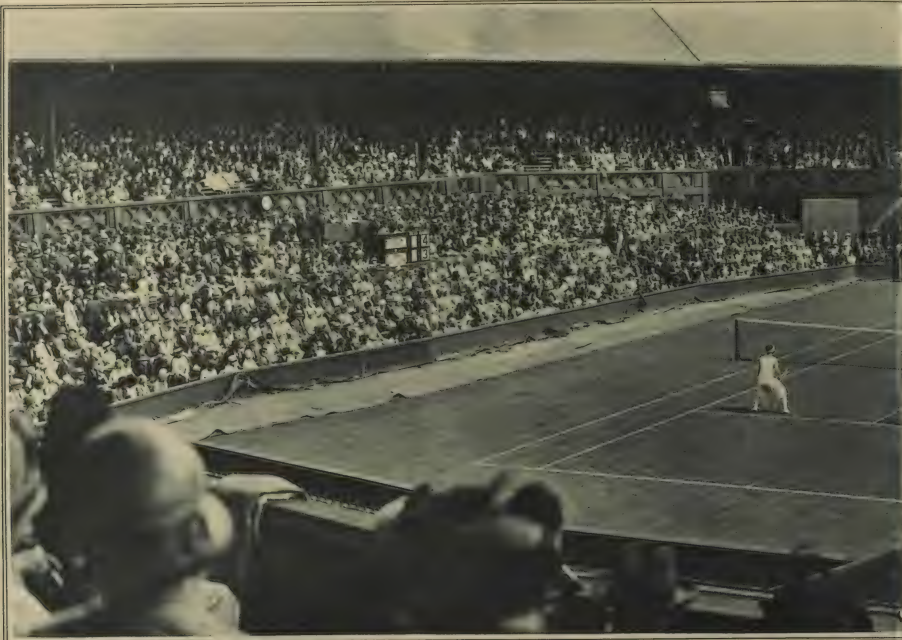


# THE JUBILEE OF WIMBLEDON: THE KING AND QUEEN

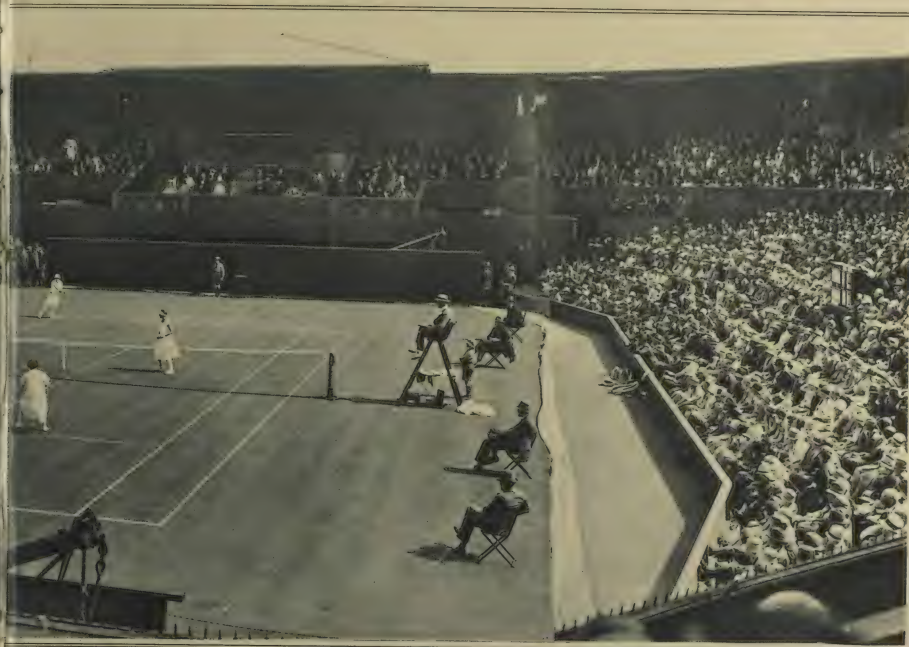
PHOTOGRAPHS BY

# AT THE 50TH LAWN-TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS MEETING.

THE "TIMES."



SHOWING THE KING AND QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF YORK (WITH ARMS ON RAIL) IN THE ROYAL BOX (CENTRE OF BALCONY IN BACKGROUND) BY MRS. GODFREE AND MISS BOUMAN



THE INAUGURAL EXHIBITION MATCH IN WHICH MLE. LENGLEN AND MISS RYAN (LEFT TO RIGHT IN FOREGROUND) WERE BEATEN (LEFT TO RIGHT IN BACKGROUND).

1.  
THE opening of the fiftieth Lawn-Tennis Championships Meeting at Wimbledon was a great occasion. At 3 p.m. on June 21 the King and Queen entered the Centre Court, the whole audience standing while the band played the National Anthem. Their Majesties, who had a most enthusiastic reception, took up their position in the middle of the court, beside a table on which were laid silver medals to be presented by the Queen to all the past champions—men and women—who were present. They were lined up along one side of the court, as shown in the lower photograph. At the left-hand end of the line of ladies is seen Miss Maud Watson, the first lady champion, in 1884 and 1885. At the other end (on the extreme right in the photograph) is Mrs. L. A. Godfree (formerly Miss Kitty McKane), and next to her is Mlle. Lenglen. Among the other ladies are Miss Lottie Dod, Mrs. Sterry, and Mrs. Lambert Chambers. The line of men was headed by Mr. P. F. Hawd.

(Continued on Page 2.)



THE QUEEN (ON THE LEFT) PRESENTING SILVER MEDALS TO THE EX-CHAMPIONS (MEN AND WOMEN) LINED UP ON (EXTREME LEFT) AND (EXTREME RIGHT)



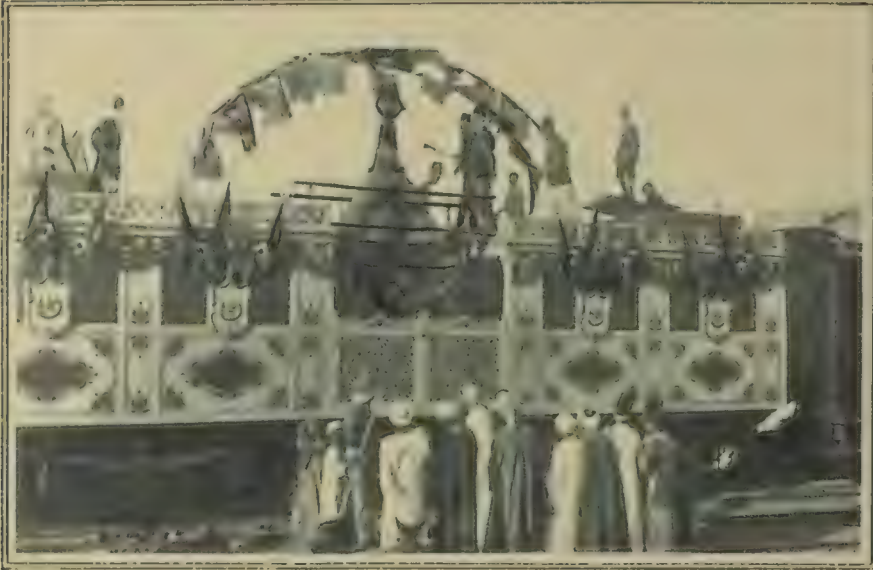
THE RIGHT AND COMING FORWARD IN TURN: THE SCENE IN THE CENTRE COURT, SHOWING THE KING MRS. GODFREE, NEXT TO MLE. LENGLEN.

(Continued.)  
who was singles champion in 1878. Then came Canon Hartley, who won in 1879 and 1880; the brothers W. and H. Daddley, and the Rev. C. E. Weldon, who was one of the winners of the doubles in 1883. First of those who are still playing was Mr. A. W. Gore, singles champion in 1901, 1908, and 1909. He and his partner, Mr. H. Roper Barrett, who won the doubles in 1909, were this year drawn to play against the Duke of York and Wing-Commander Greig. After the presentation of the medals, their Majesties entered the Royal Box, and watched an exhibition set in which Mlle. Lenglen and Miss Ryan played against Mrs. Godfree and Miss Bouman (of Holland). Mrs. Godfree and Miss Bouman won by 8 games to 6—a result which caused a certain amount of surprise. The King and Queen remained to see the first singles match, between Baron von Kehring and M. Paul Feret. The Baron won by three sets to one. Their Majesties took tea at the Club before they left.



## FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK: NEW ITEMS OF TOPICAL INTEREST.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CARLO DELIUS, P. AND A., AND BARRATT.



THE HOLY CARPET LEAVES CAIRO FOR MECCA—AN ANNUAL PILGRIMAGE OMITTED LAST YEAR: THE MAHMAL IN ITS SPECIAL RAILWAY CARRIAGE.



FAME "WRIT IN WATER": AN ADVERTISING NOVELTY AT BARCELONA—PRINTING PAVEMENT ANNOUNCEMENTS WITH A MACHINE LIKE A LAWN-MOWER.



WHERE KING FEISAL LIVED DURING THE TIGRIS FLOODS, BUT COULD NOT USE THE FRONT DOOR (HERE SHOWN): HIS TEMPORARY HOME IN BAGHDAD.



SHOWING THE GARAGE (ON LEFT) THROUGH WHICH KING FEISAL HAD TO ENTER, AND THE FORBIDDEN FRONT DOOR (RIGHT): HIS ABODE DURING THE FLOODS.



THE KING OF ITALY (RIGHT) AND SIGNOR MUSSOLINI SHAKING HANDS IN A CORNFIELD ON THE ROYAL FARM AT CASTEL PORZIANO.



WITH A MOCK KAISER, A COFFIN, AND WORTHLESS PAPER MONEY SCATTERED AMONG THE CROWD: COMMUNIST PROPAGANDA FOR THE GERMAN REFERENDUM ON ROYAL PROPERTY.

The Holy Carpet left Cairo recently for the annual pilgrimage to Mecca. The sacred Mahmal (a pagoda-like structure containing the "carpet," really a hanging for the Prophet's tomb) was placed on a special decorated railway coach. Last year the pilgrimage was abandoned owing to the fighting around Mecca.—An ingenious advertiser at Barcelona prints his announcements in water on the pavement with a machine like a lawn-mower. The fact that the water soon dries up has the same effectiveness as the evanescence of aerial sky-writing.—During the Tigris floods last April, King Feisal, whose palace was half submerged, had to take up his abode in the home of a rich Jew of Baghdad. "The only

front door," writes a correspondent, "cannot be used, as the strip of land in front is owned by another landlord, who will not part with it except at an exorbitant price. Even the King had to enter by way of the garage."—The King of Italy and Signor Mussolini recently visited the experimental grain fields on the royal farm at Castel Porziano. King Victor travelled in a motor-car which Signor Mussolini drove.—The German Referendum on the Socialist-Communist proposal for the confiscation of royal property was held on Sunday, June 20. The supporters of the measure obtained 14,900,000 votes, but they needed 20,000,000, so the proposal failed.



## "The Smoke that Thunders": South Africa's Mighty Cataract.

FROM THE PAINTING BY G. GRAHAM BROWN. (COPYRIGHTED.)



ONE OF THE SUBLIMEST AND MOST AWE-INSPIRING SCENES IN THE WORLD: THE VICTORIA FALLS, ON THE ZAMBEZI, SEEN THROUGH A MAJESTIC GORGE BELOW THE WATERFALL.

By all those who have witnessed this great natural phenomenon, the Victoria Falls are universally voted one of the sublimest and most awe-inspiring spectacles. They are more than a mile in width and their depth varies from 250 to 400 feet. They are seen at their best during the South African

winter months, from about April to October, and are increasingly becoming a scenic Mecca for tourists from all parts of the world. The native name for the Falls is "The Smoke that Thunders," chiefly owing to the heavy spray cloud which hangs above the Falls and can be seen for many miles.



# The Great South African Game Reserve: Herds of Protected Wild Animals in the Kruger National Park.

FROM THE PAINTING BY W. E. S. STOTT. (COPYRIGHTED.)



"CAMPING-OUT IN THE GAME RESERVE AND 'SHOOTING' THE ANIMALS BY CAMERA ARE THRILLING PASTIMES": A WONDERFUL SIGHT IN THE KRUGER NATIONAL PARK—ZEBRA, BUCK, AND OTHER WILD GAME IN THEIR NATURAL STATE UNDER GOVERNMENT PROTECTION.

The Sabi Game Reserve in the Eastern Transvaal, which has lately been nationalised by the Union Government under the name of the Kruger National Park, is one of the most thrilling and fascinating game regions in the world. It extends over some thousands of square miles of territory, rich in scenic attractions, where the fauna of the country, which is protected by law, may be observed in its natural state. The varieties of game vary from large species, such as elephants, rhinoceros, giraffes, and occasionally lions, to the smallest types of bucks and birds. A section of the South African Railways, from Komatipoort to Tzaneen,

runs through the heart of the Game Reserve, and special tours are organised every winter from about April to October, when the game is seen to the best advantage. Camping-out in the Game Reserve and "shooting" the animals by camera are thrilling pastimes. There are other Game Reserves in South Africa, which is one of the few remaining countries in which the indigenous fauna is rigorously preserved in certain areas. Any readers contemplating a visit to South Africa, to see the Game Reserves and scenic attractions of the country, should consult the Publicity Agent, South Africa House, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2.



## A Gem of Architecture that Suffered in the War.

FROM THE PAINTING BY BARRY PITTAR, SHOWN AT THE AUTUMN (1925) EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS. BY PERMISSION OF THE ARTIST. (COPYRIGHT RESERVED.)



"THE CENTRAL DOORWAY, RHEIMS." BY BARRY PITTAR: A BRITISH ARTIST'S STUDY OF A FRENCH CATHEDRAL.

The historic Cathedral of Rheims, begun early in the thirteenth century, and one of the finest Gothic buildings in Europe, is to-day chiefly associated with the German invasion of France during the Great War, and the damage then inflicted on it. After being occupied by the Germans, Rheims was retaken by the French

on September 13, 1914, and was thereafter for nearly four years under German fire. The damage done to the Cathedral by German bombardments aroused the indignation of Christendom. It suffered most in April 1917, and great havoc was caused on the south-west side.



# NEWS FROM NEAR AND FAR: NOTABLE OCCASIONS ILLUSTRATED.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FARRINGTON PHOTO CO., C.N., CARLO DELIUS, AND G.P.U.



THE END OF THE GREAT R.A.F. 14,000-MILE FLIGHT FROM CAIRO TO THE CAPE AND BACK TO ENGLAND: THE FOUR MACHINES (CONVERTED INTO SEAPLANES) ARRIVING AT LEE-ON-SOLENT



PRINCESS MARY VISCOUNTESS LASCELLES AT THE HORSE SHOW: PRESENTING THE AWARD TO LIEUT. BONTECOU (U.S.A.), WINNER OF THE KING'S CUP, IN THE ARENA AT OLYMPIA—(ON RIGHT) LORD LONSDALE.



THE KING'S BIRTHDAY REVIEW AT BAGHDAD: EX-KING ALI OF THE HEJAZ, REPRESENTING HIS BROTHER, KING FEISAL, ABOUT TO ASCEND THE STEPS TO THE ROYAL BOX.



A STREET CARPETED WITH FLOWERS: PREPARATIONS FOR THE ANNUAL FLOWER FESTIVAL (DATING FROM 1778) AT THE LITTLE TOWN OF GENZANO, NEAR ROME.



WINNER OF THE KING GEORGE V. GOLD TROPHY IN THE INTERNATIONAL HORSE SHOW AT OLYMPIA: LT. F. H. BONTECOU (U.S.A.) ON BALLYMACSHANE.

The Royal Air Force African flight, under Wing-Commander C. W. H. Pulford, ended on June 21, when the four machines arrived at Lee-on-Solent. They flew from Cairo to the Cape and back and then home to England—a total distance of 14,000 miles. At Aboukir they were fitted with floats instead of wheels, and did the last 3000 miles as seaplanes.—Princess Mary Viscountess Lascelles visited the Horse Show at Olympia on June 21, and presented the formal award to Lieut. F. H. Bontecou, the American officer who won the King George V. Gold Trophy in the jumping competition for British and foreign officers.—Genzano,



PAGEANTRY AT AN ELIZABETHAN MANSION: REHEARSING A TUDOR "MASKE" AT GREAT FOSTERS—LADY GISBOROUGH, THE ORGANISER, AND MR. COLERIDGE AS LORD BURLEIGH (2ND FROM LEFT).



THE OLDEST LIVING GUARDSMAN'S HUNDREDTH BIRTHDAY: GENERAL SIR GEORGE HIGGINSON, WITH TWO OF HIS GREAT-GRAND-DAUGHTERS.

near Rome, celebrates an annual festival in which a procession passes through a street carpeted with flowers.—A Tudor "Maske," organised by Lady Gisborough, in aid of the late Princess Christian's Y.M.C.A. Red Triangle Club at Englefield Green, was held on June 19 at Great Fosters, the home of the Hon. Gerald Montagu, at Egham, formerly used as a hunting box by Queen Elizabeth.—General Sir George Higginson was born on June 21, 1826. He is the "Father" of the Grenadier Guards, with whom he served for thirty years, including the Crimean War. A new park at Marlow, where he lives, is to be named after him.



# PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAFAYETTE, RUSSELL, VANDYK, ELLIOTT AND FRY, SPORT AND GENERAL, TOPICAL, AND CRISP (CAMBRIDGE).



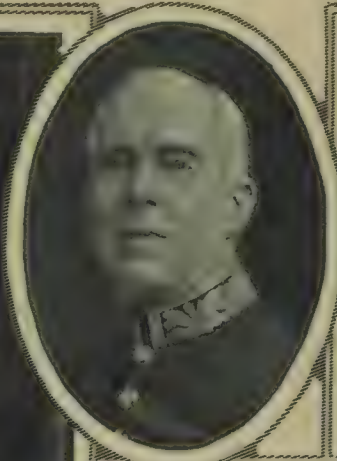
A TRAGEDY OF MOTOR-  
ING: THE LATE M.  
TORBEN DE BILLE.



SUED FOR ALLEGED  
LIBEL:  
EARL WINTERTON.



MOTHER OF THE LATE KING CONSTANTINE, AND  
FORMERLY REGENT OF GREECE: THE LATE QUEEN  
OLGA OF GREECE.



M.P. FOR 21 YEARS:  
THE LATE SIR  
SAMUEL ROBERTS,  
BT., OF SHEFFIELD



A WELL-KNOWN  
COUNTY COURT  
JUDGE: THE LATE  
SIR EDWARD BRAY



PERFORMER OF A REMARKABLE GOLFING FEAT  
AT SUNNINGDALE: MR. R. T. JONES (U.S.A.).



A FAMOUS INDIAN POET LECTURING IN ROME:  
SIR RABINDRANATH TAGORE.



THE PROFESSIONAL GOLF DUEL AT ST. GEORGE'S  
HILL: WALTER HAGEN (RIGHT) THE WINNER,  
AND ABE MITCHELL.



HEAD OF THE RIVER IN THE MAY RACES AT CAMBRIDGE FOR THE FIRST  
TIME SINCE 1872: THE LADY MARGARET (ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE) BOAT.



LEADING CANADIAN BUSINESS MEN ARRIVE AT WATERLOO: (L. TO R.) LORD  
SHAUGHNESSY, MR. E. W. BEATTY, SIR GEORGE McLAREN-BROWN, AND MESSRS.  
F. E. MEREDITH, W. R. MACINNES, AND W. S. C. MEREDITH.

Mr. Torben de Bille, Secretary of the Danish Legation, died on June 18 in Hounslow Hospital from injuries in a motor accident.—Earl Winterton, Under-Secretary for India, won the case brought against him by the widow of a British officer who died in India, for alleged libel in a letter written from the India Office.—Queen Olga of Greece was the widow of King George, and mother of King Constantine.—Sir Samuel Roberts was M.P. (Conservative) for the Ecclesall Division of Sheffield for twenty-one years.—Sir Edward Bray was appointed to the County Court Bench in 1905.—Mr. R. T. Jones, the American golfer, headed the list of competitors in the qualifying round of the Open Championship at Sunningdale with the remarkable score of 134 for the thirty-six holes.—Walter

Hagen, the American professional, beat Abe Mitchell in a challenge match at St. George's Hill on June 19.—In the May Races at Cambridge, Lady Margaret bumped First Trinity, and went Head of the River. The names of the crew (right to left in our photograph) are A. H. Calbraith (cox), R. B. T. Craggs (stroke), J. C. H. Booth, L. V. Bevan, R. L. C. Footitt, E. O. Connell, M. F. A. Keen, G. M. Simmons, and R. A. Symonds (bow).—Mr. E. W. Beatty, President of the C.P.R., met at Waterloo the other day a party of prominent Canadians. Our group includes Lord Shaughnessy, a Director of the C.P.R.; Mr. W. R. MacInnes, Vice-President; Sir George McLaren-Brown, European General Manager; and Mr. F. E. Meredith, Director of Canadian Pacific Steamships.



# AT HOME AND ABROAD: PICTORIAL RECORDS OF RECENT EVENTS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY G.P.U., I.B., PETER ZACHARY (CAIRO), THE "TIMES," L.N.A., AND ALFIERI.



A "COAL RUSH" IN WORCESTERSHIRE: THE DISCOVERY OF A NEW SEAM ON THE EARL OF DUDLEY'S LAND—MINERS' FAMILIES SETTLED ON THEIR "CLAIMS."



WHERE 850 MINERS OUT OF A NORMAL 1200 ARE REPORTED TO HAVE RETURNED TO WORK: POOLEY HALL COLLIERY, IN WARWICKSHIRE.



THE OPENING OF THE THIRD EGYPTIAN PARLIAMENT: KING FUAD ON THE THRONE; MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL FAMILY (SEATED ON THE LEFT); AND (ON THE RIGHT) THE NEW CABINET, WITH THE PREMIER, ADLY PASHA, READING A SPEECH.



ATTENDED BY THE KING AND QUEEN ON THE LAST OF THE FIVE NIGHTS: THE ALDERSHOT TATTOO—AN "AURORA BOREALIS" EFFECT OF SEARCHLIGHTS.



"THE COMING OF PEACE": A SYMBOLIC PAGEANT IN HYDE PARK IN CONNECTION WITH THE PEACEMAKERS' PILGRIMAGE, WHICH INCLUDED 7000 WOMEN.

A new coal seam was recently discovered in Worcestershire on land belonging to the Earl of Dudley. Some five hundred miners and their families settled on the site and started digging. The coal was sold for 15s. a ton.—In various coalfields in the Midlands recently many miners began to drift back to work in spite of the strike. Pooley Hall Colliery, in Warwickshire, is a typical example.—The third Egyptian Parliament was opened by King Fuad in Cairo on June 10. He wore the uniform of an Egyptian Field-Marshal, and drove in state from the Abdin Palace with Adly Pasha Yeghen, the Prime Minister.—The Aldershot Tattoo was the most successful yet held, in spite of a rainstorm on one of the



PREPARING TO BUILD A NEW GRAND STAND AT EPSOM WITH LARGELY INCREASED ACCOMMODATION: THE DEMOLITION OF THE OLD STAND BEGUN.

five nights. The King and Queen and other members of the Royal Family attended the concluding display on June 19.—Over 7000 women and girls joined in the Peacemakers' Pilgrimage, from all parts of England, including Carlisle, York, and Land's End. Several walked from their starting points. They assembled in Hyde Park on June 19 and passed a resolution urging the settlement of international disputes by arbitration instead of war.—A new Grand Stand is to be built on the Epsom race-course, covering the site of the present one (part of which dates from 1829) and of adjoining stands on both sides. The new Grand Stand and enclosure will accommodate about three times as many people.



# "STONE AGE" CUSTOMS OF AUSTRALIAN BLACKS: HAIR USED FOR STRING.

COPYRIGHT PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICHAEL TERRY, F.R.G.S., F.R.A.I., F.R.C.I., TAKEN DURING THE TERRY AUSTRALIAN EXPEDITION, 1925.



A HUSBAND RASPING OFF HIS WIFE'S LOCKS WITH A SHARP STONE, FOR MAKING STRING: AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINES AT BILLILUNA.



ALSO ENTITLED TO USE HIS MOTHER-IN-LAW'S HAIR FOR THE SAME PURPOSE: THE HUSBAND TWISTING INTO STRING HAIR FROM THE HEAD OF HIS WIFE.

ORNAMENTS, IMPLEMENTS, AND WEAPONS:

- (1 AND 2) "PLAYABOUT" BOOMERANGS THAT RETURN TO THE THROWER; (3) A WOOMERA, OR SPEAR-THROWER; (4 AND 5) TWO HUNTING, OR "NON-RETURN," BOOMERANGS;
- (6) A CARVED BOTTLE-TREE NUT, WITH A REPRESENTATION OF A TORTOISE; (7) A SACRED BULL-ROARER, DECORATED;
- (8) A CORROBOREE DANCER'S DECORATIVE STICK, TIED HORIZONTALLY BEHIND THE HEAD;
- (9) NATIVE BEADS OBTAINED 500 MILES INLAND, BUT ORIGINALLY COLLECTED BY A COASTAL TRIBE.



FIRE-MAKING: AN AUSTRALIAN BLACK RUBBING FIRE-STICKS TOGETHER, SO THAT THE SMOULDERING POWDER COLLECTS ON THE TINDER, WHICH IS FANNED TO FLAME.



HIS OWN BLOOD FOR BODY DECORATION: AN AUSTRALIAN BLACK OPENING AN ARTERY IN HIS ARM WITH A SMALL SHARP STONE AFTER TYING A LIGATURE ROUND THE BICEPS.

These interesting photographs of Australian aborigines, whose customs are as primitive as those of the Stone Age, were taken by Mr. Michael Terry during an expedition last year in the Northern Territory and the north of Western Australia. The expedition left Darwin, N.T., in July, and reached Broome in November, after a journey of 2000 miles. The object was to improve knowledge of northern Australia, and it was found that, instead of being a sand waste below sea-level, the country consists of a series of plateaux 700-1600 ft. high, mostly with thick black soil, valuable pastoral land fit for sheep. Mr. Terry considers that the

country should be developed, to justify possession, and that a "dog-in-the-manger" policy must not be pursued, with over-populated countries too close at hand. The black making string from his wife's hair was photographed at Billiluna Station, the terminus of Sturt Creek, near Gregory's Inland Sea, the farthest point reached by Gregory in 1856. In the last photograph, "the man is opening the artery of his arm to get a quantity of blood for use as gum for decorating the body for dances. Flax is stuck on. The incision is made with a small sharp stone after a ligature has been tied round the biceps."



# ROYAL DOULTON

BY SPECIAL WARRANT



POTTERS TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING.



THE "JACKFIELD" PATTERN IN FINE INDESTRUCTIBLE UNDERGLAZE COLOUR

(Registered)

*Write to Works for a sample Plate and name of nearest agent. (Quite inexpensive.)*

THE WELL-KNOWN EXPERT, MR. J. F. BLACKER, WRITES:—

*"The vast strides which have been taken by Doultons in recent years, the series of improvements and discoveries which have never been surpassed, have made the name celebrated throughout the civilised world."*



BURSLEM, STAFFS., ENGLAND.





*Portrait of Sir Henry Raeburn, R.A.*

*By Joseph Simpson, R.E.A.*

### THE SPIRIT OF GENIUS

The Genius of Raeburn in art has ennobled life. The greatest part of his reward has been the remembrance of others. Men willingly pay similar tribute to genius in the art of distillation by readily remembering .....

## DEWAR'S



# Mrs. Grundy and Mrs. Grundy's Gallery.

By ERNEST LAW.

THERE can be really no doubt that the famous "Mrs. Grundy" of Victorian times—the lady of whom it was always being asked, "What will Mrs. Grundy think?"—"What will Mrs. Grundy say?"—

Fortunately, however, Miss Murray had several friends among the persons with apartments in the Palace, who made intercession with the housekeeper to grant them an interview. The name of this lady proved to be Mrs. Grundy. "This name sounded rather inauspicious," wrote Mrs. Bancroft. It is obvious, therefore, that "Mrs. Grundy" had then already a fame outside and beyond that of the housekeeper of Hampton Court, and is not to be identified with her. The housekeeper proved, however, rather a formidable personage, and was at first obdurate, asserting that "such a thing had never been done," that it was "a very dangerous precedent," and so on. In the end, however, the influence of one of Queen Victoria's Maids-of-Honour and a Foreign Minister prevailed on her to relax the rule and allow them to see the interior of the Palace. But she did not show them her famous "gallery."

Further, a lady who came to the Palace eight years before the arrival of Mrs. Grundy assured me, in answer to my question on this very point, that the housekeeper did not originate the famous catchwords.

Mrs. Grundy at Hampton Court, however, certainly played up to the part. She was long known in the Palace as a woman of determined character and strong views, a very dragon of a

housekeeper who stretched her authority to its extremest limit—as I set out in a letter to the *Times*—by impounding, in disregard of the Queen's Surveyor of Pictures, such paintings and statuary as she thought unfit for

exhibition. These she stored in a gallery still known as "Mrs. Grundy's Gallery," into which she would allow nobody to peep, still less to penetrate—not even the Queen's Ministers, unless they came armed with the requisite authority from the Lord Chamberlain. Her treasures, however, have, during the last sixty years, gradually been dispersed in the State Rooms. One of the most interesting is the beautiful picture of "Venus Recumbent" by Cariani.



SHOWING THE LEADEN STATUE OF VENUS (IN THE CENTRE BACKGROUND) WHICH HAD BEEN SENT FROM WINDSOR AND WAS LONG KEPT BY MRS. GRUNDY HIDDEN AWAY IN HER "GALLERY": HENRY THE EIGHTH'S POND GARDEN AT HAMPTON COURT.

originated in Thomas Morton's "Speed the Plough," a play first performed in February 1800 at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden. This has been conclusively proved by an article in the *Times*.

The play has recently been revived by Professor Allardyce Nicolls, and performed by the School of Dramatic Study at East London College (University of London). It was a melodrama of the rich, exuberant style long since out of fashion, set forth in incidents of amazing artificiality and sentiment, and expressed in the most high-flown language. The very existence of the play would probably have long since been forgotten but for some rather humorous references which it contained to a certain Mrs. Grundy, though the lady herself never appears and has no part in the play. Farmer Ashfield was irritated by the way in which his wife always seemed to regard her opinion with nervous respect, and was constantly saying: "What will Mrs. Grundy say?"—"What will Mrs. Grundy think?"—"Be quiet, wool ye? Let her alone," he would shout to her. Thence the phrases were taken up, and used as a sort of catchwords, such as were, at the end of the century, the question and answer—"What, never?"—"Well, hardly ever"—from Gilbert and Sullivan's opera "H.M.S. Pinafore."

That the phrase did not originate with the Mrs. Grundy who was housekeeper at Hampton Court Palace in the 'forties and 'fifties of last century is certain. We find a reference to "Mrs. Grundy" in 1847 in an account given by Mrs. George Bancroft, wife of the American Ambassador in England at that period—though titularly then a "Minister"—in her "Letters from England." Mrs. Bancroft drove down from London with her husband, Miss Murray (a Maid-of-Honour to Queen Victoria), Mr. Winthrop and his son, and one or two others, to visit the Palace. They came on a Friday, and, to their great vexation, found that it was the only day in the week on which visitors were not admitted to the State Rooms.



FORMERLY HIDDEN AWAY IN MRS. GRUNDY'S GALLERY OF "IMPROPRIETIES" AT HAMPTON COURT, BUT NOW HUNG IN THE PUBLIC DINING-ROOM: VANDYCK'S "CUPID AND PSYCHE," ONCE, IN THE COLLECTION OF CHARLES I., AND LATER IN THAT OF JAMES II.

This doubtless belonged to Charles I. As I stated in the *Times*, it was identified three years ago by

Mr. Tancred Borenius as having belonged to the famous Venetian collector, Andrea Vandramin, from a drawing in his catalogue of 1627. With regard to Vandyck's beautiful "Cupid and Psyche," it now hangs in an admirable position in the middle of the wall of the public dining-room, one of the best-lit rooms in the Palace. Most art critics concur in the opinion of the late Sir Claude Phillips that it belonged to Vandyck's second Flemish period. Near to Psyche's right hand is "the casket of beauty" which Venus had ordered her to fetch from the palace of Proserpine. Psyche opened the box out of curiosity, and was overcome by an infernal sleep, from which Cupid awakened her. This picture was in the collection of Charles I., and was disposed of by the "Commissioners for the sale of the late King's goods" for £100. It was restored to the royal collection at the Restoration. The leaden statue of Venus, which was sent from Windsor about the middle of last century, and is now in the Pond Garden, was brought forth from "Mrs. Grundy's Gallery" some twenty years ago. There is little left in it now but official lumber. It still retains, however, something of its mystery, for the entrance is in a dark recess, and the gallery itself is gloomy, being lit only by a small borrowed light.

It has been said that Mrs. Grundy is dead. Can we be so certain of this? It appears to me that she still lives, and that her spirit inspires those who want to interfere with the sort of books that other people want to read, the sort of plays that other people want to see. Indeed, she seems to aim at being crowned with the authority of the L.C.C. and other local bodies in order to establish herself as a new Censor! When will Mrs. Grundy die?



WHERE THE HISTORICAL MRS. GRUNDY, HOUSEKEEPER AT HAMPTON COURT IN THE LATE 'FORTIES AND EARLY 'FIFTIES, "IMPOUNDED ANY PICTURE OR SCULPTURE WHICH SHE CONSIDERED UNFIT FOR EXHIBITION": A PEEP INTO HER LONG-LOCKED "GALLERY" AT THE PALACE.



# Fashions & Fancies

## The Phenomenal Sales.

The General Strike and the extraordinarily bad weather we experienced during May and early June have had a great effect on this year's sales. Very rarely have there been such quantities of fashionable summer frocks and wraps left in the shops at this season, and consequently they must be cleared ruthlessly at almost any cost to make way for the coming autumn models. Elaborate toilettes for the famous *plages*, simple holiday frocks and suits which will prove ideal for the early autumn—all these can be discovered at incredibly low prices by the seeker who knows where to go and what to capture amongst the golden opportunities offered during the next few weeks.

## Hats for Summer Days.

We have suffered so much rain recently that sunshine must surely be our portion in the future. Three delightful hats for sunny days in town and country are pictured at the right of this page. The shady affair on the right is a study in blue and gold carried out in pedal and crinoline straw with a soft silky finish. White hemp trimmed with white velvet and bound with silk expresses the one below; and the third is of the same straw in a putty nuance trimmed with brown petersham ribbon. They hail from Robert Heath, Knightsbridge, S.W. There are other models in bangkok, crinoline, and soft straws of every hue; and for a golfing holiday by the sea or in Scotland the "Gigolo," one of this firm's famous waterproof sports felts, is indispensable. It is available in no fewer than forty fashionable shades, and costs only 29s. 6d.

## A Talisman Against Fatigue.

At this strenuous time, when social engagements follow hard upon each other's heels, the woman who never shows a sign of fatigue is she who knows the simple secret of "4711." This famous brand of eau-de-Cologne is a talisman in all emergencies. The sudden heat or stuffiness of an overcrowded room is powerless against a few drops sprinkled

cream, which are excellent for the skin, the former costing 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. a jar, and the latter 1s. a tube and 2s. a jar; while "4711" soap is 2s. a box of three tablets. They are obtainable practically everywhere.

## A Sale Now in Progress.

There are an infinite number of gilt-edged investments to be found at the present sale at Walpole Brothers, 89, New Bond Street, W.; 108, Kensington High Street, S.W.; and 175, Sloane Street, S.W. In the sphere of frocks, those of washing crêpe-de-Chine can be secured from 69s. 6d.; in spun silk, including the two pictured here, for 49s. 6d.; and cotton frocks range from 21s. 9d. upwards. Then there are kiddies' white haircord smocks, embroidered in colours, available for 11s. 9d. size 16 and 18 in.; and washing cambric frocks with knickers to match are 14s. 11d. the set. Amongst the household linens are unbleached pure linen hemmed sheets offered at 21s. 9d. per pair, and hard-wearing hemmed cotton sheets at 10s. 9d. a pair, three yards long. An illustrated catalogue full of other useful items will be sent post-free on request.

## Remnant Day, July 9.

From July 5 to 10 is the brief time occupied by the sale at Harrods, Knightsbridge, S.W.; consequently, the many prizes must be captured early. A limited number of delightful frocks in various styles and materials are offered at 20s. each, and washing spun-silk dresses are the same amount. A hundred well-tailored proofed tweed coats are offered at 37s. 6d. each; and two-piece suits in repp and crêpe-de-Chine are £5. Fur felts and felt and straw hats for the holidays have been ruthlessly cut to 5s. 11d.; and 150 pairs of real Java lizard shoes are being offered at 39s. 6d. each. The whole collection of schoolgirls' summer frocks are marked at 10s., 15s., and 20s.; while holiday hats are 5s. each.

## A Two-Weeks' Sale.

Beginning on July 5 and lasting for two weeks is the sale at Debenhams and Freebody's, Wigmore Street, W. In the sphere of lingerie there are 250 pure silk broché crêpe-de-Chine nighties available for 25s. 9d. each, and plain crêpe-de-Chine ones for 29s. 6d.; while boudoir caps have been ruthlessly reduced to 5s. apiece. Then there are lightweight Princess slips of washing silk available for 21s. 9d., and petticoats for 16s. 9d. In the Paris model department everything has been drastically reduced. Lace and chiffon summer frocks are all marked down to 98s. 6d.; and a few delightful jumper suits are 6½ guineas each. Model coats and skirts, including two-piece suits (long coat and dress) can be secured for 10½ guineas, originally 25 guineas; and tailored suits for holiday wear are 6½ guineas. Sports sweaters in artificial and spun silk are 21s., originally ranging from 49s. 6d. to 73s. 6d.

Amongst the vital accessories of the social season is certainly a bottle of "4711" Eau-de-Cologne, which refreshes and banishes fatigue.

A trio of delightful summer hats from Robert Heath's, Knightsbridge, S.W. On the left is a putty-coloured straw trimmed with brown petersham ribbon; next a study in blue-and-gold pedal and crinoline straw, with a silky sheen; and, below, a white hemp straw with the folded crown swathed with white velvet.



Two bargains in summer frocks for the holidays, to be secured in the sale at Walpole Brothers, 89, New Bond Street, W. Carried out in spun silk, the one on the left is blue, lightly checked with black, and the other a pretty green, faced with white.

behind the ears or on the temples, which refreshes instantly, and the fragrant perfume pleases everyone. The small 2s. 6d. bottle is specially made to carry in the handbag, and should be never absent during the summer. The complexion, too, is all too often damaged by exposure to sun and wind, especially during holidays by the sea, and women with sensitive skins will find a little "4711" sprinkled in the water will render it soft and harmless, and will benefit the complexion generally. In the same delightful series there is "4711" cold cream and vanishing





## "IN THE CITY."



J.H. DOWD-26

### A GENERAL MEETING.

Like rows of restive seals that snort unfed  
The outraged Shareholders are seeing red:  
A Chairman seems the nearest thing to chew  
If Annual Reports look darkly blue.

But when a soothing rain of manna falls  
The lack of Dividends no more appals—  
Directors who appreciate Abdullas  
Are bound to pull things through with flying colours.

—F. R. HOLMES.

# ABDULLA SUPERB CIGARETTES

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EGYPTIAN

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## THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

AS COT over, the zenith of the London Season is past. All the same, the concluding weeks are always more full and brilliant than those at the opening. There are yet two Courts; the King and the Queen go to Wimbledon for the tennis championships, and the King will present the cups to the lady winners, the Queen to the men. This has never been done before, and will be keenly appreciated. The King is a lover of lawn tennis and plays to keep fit, so that it is a real pleasure to him to watch championship play. There will be garden parties at the Palace, and many big dinners and dances.

An important event of next week is the ball on the 30th at Major the Hon. John and Lady Violet Astor's house for the Victoria Hospital, Tite Street, Chelsea. The Prince of Wales is President of the hospital; he opened a large new wing of it, and has visited it several times. His Royal Highness has

expressed his intention of going to the ball, which is to commemorate the hospital's diamond jubilee. The ball-room is a fine one, and there is plenty of sitting-out space. Lady Violet Astor, the youngest of the three daughters of the late Earl of Minto and of Mary Countess of Minto, was first married, in her nineteenth year, in the cathedral at Calcutta, while her father was Viceroy of India. It was a great

occasion; the wedding was attended by many native rulers. Lord Charles Mercer Nairne, the younger of the two sons of the Marquess of Lansdowne, was bridegroom, and Lady Lansdowne went out for the wedding in 1909. Five years later, in 1914, Lord Charles went to the Great War, and was killed in October of that year, leaving a son to whom the King is godfather, and a daughter for whom the Queen was sponsor. In August 1916 Lady Violet married Major J. J. Astor, and has three sons; the youngest is three. She is a sportswoman, and won the Ladies' Calcutta Cup when eighteen; she is very pretty, and a hostess who is always successful. The Prince of Wales has been to dances at 18, Carlton House Terrace before, and has stayed on—which H.R.H. does only when he likes it all.

Miss Joy Verney is hon. secretary of the dancing committee, which includes Miss Marcella Duggan, Miss Guinness, Miss Joyce, and Miss Rosemary Lindsay. She is the only daughter of Mr. Harry Verney, private secretary to the Queen, and Lady Joan Verney, Woman of the Bedchamber to her Majesty, daughter of the Earl and Countess of Desart. Her name is Joan Verena, but she is called Joy to distinguish her from her mother. It is a suitable name too, for she possesses *joie de vivre*, and is a very pretty girl and a great favourite. Her brother married some months ago Lady Sybil Smith's daughter.



AN ASCOT AND GOODWOOD HOSTESS: THE HON. MRS. MACDONALD BUCHANAN, DAUGHTER OF LORD WOOLAVINGTON.

Photograph by Marcus Adams.

He is in the Grenadier Guards, and had been one of the King's Pages of Honour. Miss Verney is an able hon. secretary, and what she does not know about dancing and how it is most enjoyably done is unworthy of knowledge.

The marriage of Mr. Angus D. Campbell to Miss Joan Pakenham next week at St. Margaret's, Westminster, will be an interesting one. Miss Joan Pakenham is a niece of Colonel Wilfred Ashley, Minister for Transport, and cousin of Lady Louis Mountbatten. Her father, Captain Hercules Arthur Pakenham, was in the Sudan Expedition and the Great War, for which he has the C.M.G. He was A.D.C. to the Viceroy of India in 1888, and to the Governor-General of Canada in 1886. He has retired from the Army, and was High Sheriff for County Antrim in 1906. He is a kinsman of the Earl of Longford. Mrs. Pakenham is the daughter of the late Hon.

Evelyn Ashley, brother of the eighth Earl of Shaftesbury, and only surviving sister of the Right Hon. Colonel Wilfred Ashley, M.P. Mr. Angus D. Campbell is the younger son of Mr. Colin F. Campbell and Lady Angela Campbell, of Everlands, Sevenoaks, and 17, Lowndes Square. The family connections of bride and bridegroom-elect are wide and distinguished, and the wedding will be a considerable affair.

[Continued overleaf.]



HON. SECRETARY AT THE BAL CHAMPÊTRE IN AID OF THE PECKHAM PIONEER HEALTH CENTRE: THE HON. MRS. EWEN MONTAGU.

Photograph by Hay Wrightson.



TO BE MARRIED TO MR. ANGUS D. CAMPBELL NEXT WEEK: MISS JOAN PAKENHAM.

Photograph by Hay Wrightson.



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*Continued.]*

Writing before the event, I hope that Thursday evening of this week was kind, warm, and fine. If so, the bal champêtre and supper cabaret at Mrs. Van den Bergh's beautiful house and garden at 8, Kensington Palace Gardens will have scored a great success. It was a bold project in a climate like ours, but then Mrs. Van den Bergh possesses a spacious and beautiful house. She had three hon. secretaries to help her with the organisation—no small undertaking. It was in aid of a Pioneer Health Centre at Peckham on new and practical lines. One of these secretaries was her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Donald Van den Bergh, a very clever,



GIVING A BALL NEXT WEEK IN AID OF THE VICTORIA HOSPITAL, CHELSEA: LADY VIOLET ASTOR.

*Photograph by Lafayette.*

good-looking, and energetic member of our young married ladies' brigade; another was the Hon. Mrs. Ewen Montagu, the petite and graceful daughter of Mr. Solomon J. Solomon, the well-known artist; the third of the hon. secretaries was Mrs. Lionel Cohen, another young married lady with many friends. Miss Van den Bergh was also a great help to her mother.

In many of our Overseas receptions and other entertainments the Hon. Peter C. Larkin, High Commissioner for Canada, is a tall, handsome, and distinguished figure. July 1 being Dominion Day, he will receive at Canada House, which had this reception as a house-warming last year. With him will be his

wife, a delightful hostess and a graceful and very good-looking lady. Their only daughter is always with them on these occasions, and is, on the social side of Mr. Larkin's responsible position, a great asset. She is a handsome girl, who well understands the art of dress, and is very natural, interested in almost every subject, and with an easy-to-get-on-with manner that makes her a great favourite. Mrs. Larkin presides over a very spacious and beautiful house, 94, Lancaster Gate, and has there delightfully informal, charming tea-parties where visiting Canadians meet each other and also British friends of the hostess and her daughter, for they have made many. They are very fond of England, but love Canada most, and are fortunate in being so near the Dominion that they can spend from two to three months there each year. This year their home holiday will be shorter because of the Imperial Conference, for which the Canadian Premier will be their guest. Lucky man, for they are really and truly hospitable.

The Countess of Clarendon, whose husband is Under-Secretary of State for Dominion Affairs, has given two parties at Pitt House, Hampstead, for Overseas visitors; one takes place this week, and another on July 1. Lady Clarendon has herself experienced ranch life in Canada. As Lord and Lady Hyde, her husband and she were about the first of our aristocracy

to try it. They liked it greatly, and lived no differently from ordinary ranchers. Lady Clarendon's only brother is the new Governor-General of Victoria. Lord and Lady Clarendon have two sons and one daughter. Lord Hyde is in his twenty-first year, and is a successful cricketer and athlete; the King is his godfather. The Hon. W. N. S. L. Villiers, who is the Duke of Connaught's godson, is ten; and Lady Nina Joan Edith Virginia Villiers will be eighteen in December. Pitt House has extensive and delightful grounds and gardens, which are very pleasant for these afternoon entertainments if the weather is good. Otherwise, the house is spacious.

The Hon. Mrs. Macdonald Buchanan, as hostess for her father, had a party for Ascot and will have a house-party for Goodwood at Lavington Park. She is an only child, and her mother died in 1918. She married in 1922 Captain R. Narcissus Macdonald, son of John Macdonald of Buenos Aires, Captain in the Scots Guards, and winner of an M.C. in the war. They assumed by deed poll the additional name of Buchanan the year of their marriage. Mrs. Macdonald Buchanan led in her father's Derby winner, Coronach, and her father said that she was as fond of the horse as he is. She was the only woman to do so, and there were further thrills for her at Ascot as well.—A. E. L.



HOSTESS OF THE BAL CHAMPÊTRE AND SUPPER CABARET IN AID OF THE PECKHAM PIONEER HEALTH CENTRE: MRS. HENRY VAN DEN BERGH.

*Photograph by Lenore.*



THE HIGH COMMISSIONER FOR CANADA AND MRS. LARKIN'S ONLY DAUGHTER: MISS LARKIN.

*Photograph by Hay Wrightson.*

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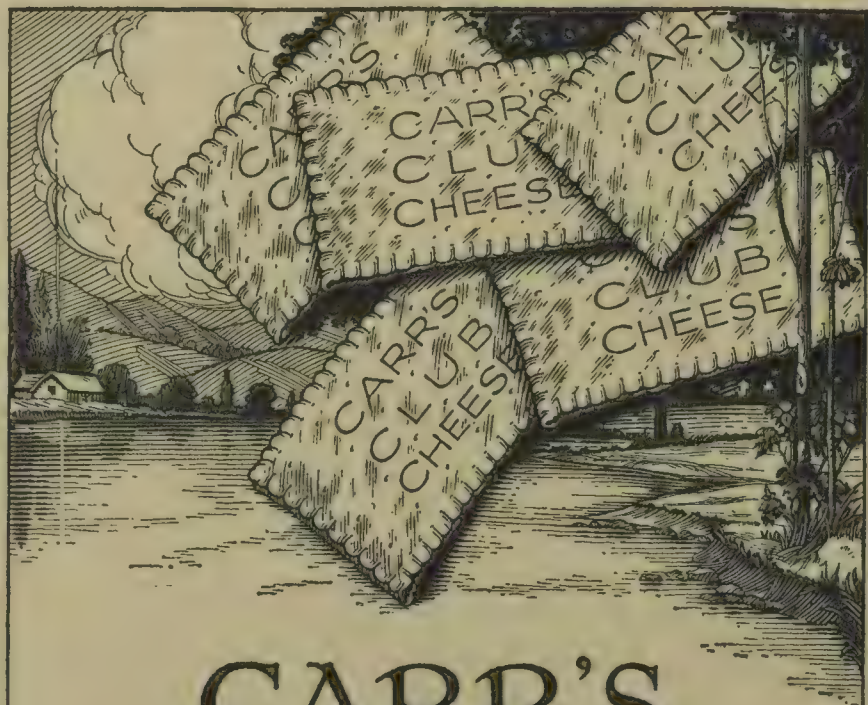
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tell, more virtues than a thousand pens do spell.”



## THE HORRORS OF COAL-PITS IN THE DAYS OF DISRAELI'S "SYBIL."

(Continued from Page 1130.)

in neighbouring towns. The tommy shop episodes in "Sybil" are a true and terrible chapter in the history of British wages.

A few quotations from Disraeli, and one from the "Cyclopædia of Useful Arts," will be to the illustrations in this article what text should always be to drawings that illustrate truthfully.

### II.

First, then, Disraeli at twilight watches the cessation of toil in a typical colliery—

They come forth: the mine delivers its gang and the pit its bondsmen; the forge is silent and the engine still. The plain is covered with the swarming multitude: bands of stalwart men, broad-chested and muscular, wet with toil, and black as the children of the tropics; troops of youth, alas! of both sexes, though neither their raiment nor their language indicates the difference; all are clad in male attire; and oaths that men might shudder at arise from lips born to breathe words of sweetness. Yet these are to be, some are, mothers of England! But can we wonder at the hideous coarseness of their language when we remember the savage rudeness of their lives? Naked to their waist, an iron chain fastened to a belt of leather runs between their legs clad in canvas trousers, while on hands and feet an English girl, for twelve, sometimes for sixteen hours a day, hauls and hurries tubs of coal up subterranean roads, dark, precipitous and plashy; circumstances which seem to have escaped the notice of the society for the abolition of Negro Slavery. Those worthy gentlemen, too, appear to have been singularly unconscious of the sufferings of the little trappers, which was remarkable, as many of them were in their own employ.

See, too, these emerge from the bowels of the earth! Infants of four and five years of age, many of them girls, pretty, and still soft and timid; entrusted with the fulfilment of responsible duties, and the nature of which entails on them the necessity of being the earliest to enter the mine and the latest to leave it. Their labour, indeed, is not severe, for that would be impossible, but it is passed in darkness and in solitude. They endure that punishment which philosophical philanthropy has invented for the direct criminals, and which those criminals deem more terrible than the death for which it is substituted. Hour after hour elapses, and all that reminds the infant trappers of the world they have quitted and that which they have

joined, is the passage of the coal-waggons for which they open the air-doors of the galleries, and on keeping which doors constantly closed, except at this moment of passage, the safety of the mine and the lives of the persons employed in it entirely depend. . . .

Disraeli wanted to see the tiny slave trappers put into Art by "some great master of the pencil"; and he appealed specially to Etty—and even to Landseer, the genteel Edwin Landseer! Neither of these painters ventured to go down a coalpit, and illustrative work of the period was either sporting or sylvan and romantic. The horrible youth of industrialism needed for its graphic historians another Gillray and another Rowlandson.

Disraeli in the tap of a public-house, the Rising Sun, listens to and talks with some colliers, one of whom has toiled in coalpits through forty years and is accepted as leader. He is Master Nixon, a Herbert Smith of the 1840's, who cuts his way doggedly with the rough edges of his experience to the core of grievances, yet maintains a grim patience touched with a peculiar ironic humour.

Astonished by a question from Disraeli, Nixon explains that colliers cannot get into touch with the main-masters, who trust the middlemen-managers called "butties," who, in turn, have detested assistants called "doggies." A doggy as a rule keeps a tommy or truck shop, and opens it once a week. Several times in forty years Nixon has "played"—that is, has been in a strike or "stick-out"—for weeks together, and so pinched by famine that a potato and a little salt were all that he tasted for more than a fortnight. "I never knew the people 'play' yet," says Nixon, "but if a word had passed atween them and the main-master aforehand, it might not have been settled; but you can't get at them anyway. Atween the poor man and the gentleman there never was no connection, and that's the wital mischief of this country. . . ."

Since the days when Disraeli and Lord Ashley threw the staring daylight of truth into coal-mines, Parliament has enforced a good many reforms, but the grim drama of wages has continued incessantly, like wasteful costs in distribution and in much unnecessary competition between coalpits in the same districts. And another waste has continued from week to week, and year to year, and it has been inevitable in perilous industries. Twenty thousand

miners were killed by accidents between 1856 and 1876, and to-day the annual death-roll averages 1110 brave fellows, while the yearly average of minor casualties is 162,259. The drama of wages, then, is a near neighbour to death and to injuries.

The most sinful wages in the whole drama were those which were paid in "tommy" to the trappers and to half-naked girls who, on all fours, pulled small "corves," or wagons, along very low and narrow roads, as one of the old woodcuts illustrates. There were no rails for the wagons to run along, and as the girls and boys who did this work in a daily routine were called "hurriers," dawdling would have been resented as bad for the output of a pit.

Other girls were coal-carriers below ground, and the commission of inquiry drew a terrible picture of their slavery: "The coal-bearers are almost all girls and women; they carry the coal on their backs, in burdens varying from three-quarter cwt. to three cwt. The child has to descend a nine-ladder pit to the first rest, where a shaft is sunk to draw up the baskets or tubs of coal filled by the bearers. She then takes her creel . . . and pursues her journey to the wall-face, or *room of work*, as it is called. There she lays down her basket, into which the coal is rolled, and it is frequently more than one man can do to lift the burden on her back. The tugs, or straps, are placed over her forehead, and the body bent in a semi-circular form in order to stiffen the arch. Large lumps of coal are placed on the neck, and she then commences her journey."

This horrible labour is illustrated variously in the woodcuts; it lasted from twelve to fourteen hours daily, and once a week at least the shift was night-work. It paid tribute to the general market desire for cheapness, and to the fear that coal-owners had of saving money for better wages by asking for State help in two big matters—reckless competition and too costly distribution. This fear hardened into wasteful customs, and these customs gathered around them an intricacy of financial interests having a great influence over political parties; so it is not surprising that the whole work of Sankey's Commission was scrapped, and that Samuel's Commission also has produced a dangerous lock-out. But the varied truth in these Royal Commissions remains active; it cannot be locked out; and presently it will govern great reforms.

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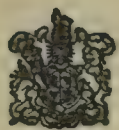
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## THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

## The Future of Motor Taxation.

The advertising campaign of the Automobile Association, which is directed towards educating the motorist in the why and wherefore of the petrol tax, seems to me to be an excellent move on the part of



MOTORING IN A LAND OF ROMANCE: A "STANDARD" 11-H.P. "KNOWLE" FOUR-SEATER AT KENILWORTH, SHOWING THE HISTORIC CASTLE IN THE BACKGROUND.

this very much alive association. Those of us who began motoring in the dark ages and have lived through every phase of taxation, from the merely nominal carriage tax to the present inequitable horse-power impost, are apt to forget that there are thousands of new motorists who have never known any system but the present. They acquired their first car when the horse-power tax was in full being, and, while they

may have thought it meant a lot of money, it was just one of those expenses to be reckoned with as an incidental to motoring. I doubt if one in a hundred has stopped to reason out exactly how much per mile he is charged for the almost imaginary damage he does to the roads, or that he is being taxed on the simple possession of his car, and that he pays just as much for his five thousand miles a year as his neighbour does for twenty-five thousand. Thus there is no volume of public opinion behind the demand for a reversion to the principle of taxation according to use; and, unless that public opinion can be created, it may well be that Mr. Churchill, favourable as we know he is to reversion, will be met by very strenuous opposition when, next year, he proposes to wipe out the horse-power tax and impose a duty on motor spirit.

It is this volume of opinion that the A.A. is trying to create through the medium of its telling advertisements, and, whether it meets with success or not, it deserves every praise for the work it is doing on behalf of the motorist. I think, however, it will succeed, since it has the backing of all who are conversant with the facts of the present situation.

## The Principle of the "Luxury" Tax.

One aspect of the present taxation to which motorists are taking very serious exception—apart from the general depreciation of the raid on the Road Fund by itself—is the filching of three and a half millions from what the Chancellor has called "the luxury or pleasure side" of motor-tax revenue. In so describing it he was guilty of a clear inconsistency. When speaking in justification of imposing the McKenna duties on commercial motor vehicles, he made the point that it had now become virtually impossible to distinguish the "luxury" car from the one used for utility purposes. Even Mr. Churchill cannot have it both ways. If he was right in the latter dictum, then there is clearly no luxury side of motoring, and he is not justified in imposing what really amounts to a luxury tax. If he was

wrong, then he cannot justify the extension of the duties on the grounds he stated. That, however, is not a matter to be argued out here.

As a fact, it is extremely difficult to know where the dividing line between luxury and utility is to be drawn, even if, in all the circumstances, it is possible to draw a line at all. Undoubtedly, by far the greater percentage of cars are used professionally or in business to a greater or less extent; and where this is the case it is clearly unfair to tax them as luxuries. I have heard the old carriage tax advanced as an argument in favour of this luxury-car tax, but it does not seem to me to help at all. The carriage tax was levied on vehicles which were used as luxuries pure and simple. You could keep a brougham for business purposes, and so long as you had the name and address of the owner painted on it in unostentatious letters you were exempt from the tax. It is not so in the case of the motor vehicle: the tradesman's Ford pays exactly the same tax as the one kept for joy-riding

[Continued overleaf.]



"WHERE MY (ECCLES TRAILER) CARAVAN HAS RESTED": A DELIGHTFUL METHOD OF HOLIDAY-MAKING.

Motor caravanning is an ideal method of making holiday. The motorist provided with one of the popular Eccles Trailer Caravans can take his home and his family about with him, and camp in the most delightful places. The address of the Eccles firm is at Gosta Green, Birmingham, but the caravans can be obtained through many agencies, including the Holiday Caravan Company, Ltd., Woodstock Road, Oxford, and the P. and P. Motor Company, Walthamstow

"The Illustrated Sporting & Dramatic News" (June 5th), on the 30 h.p. Minerva.

"This is quite a delightful car to drive, alike from the point of view of the ease of control of the steering wheel and the flexibility of the engine; the comfort and spaciousness of the seats; the smoothness of the suspension; the excellence of the lateral and fore-and-aft stability..... Its acceleration is from 10 to 60 m.p.h. on the direct drive in 32 seconds; also to 70 m.p.h. in 44 seconds..... Minerva has never done better work than in designing and building this fine car."

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THE Humber yields a full return for every drop of petrol and oil consumed. It possesses all the speed and every comfort of the most expensive car on the market, minus its heavy running expenses and high cost for maintenance.

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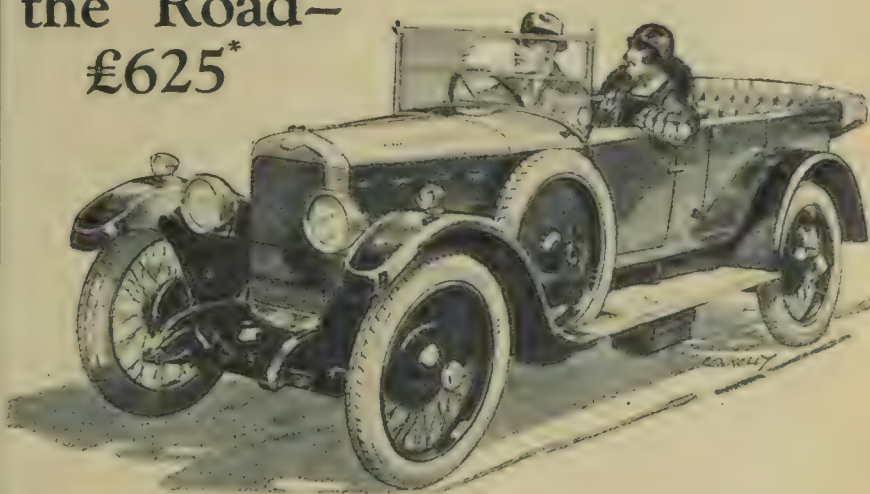
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NO other medium size car excels this fine model. It possesses high efficiency, distinctive appearance and absolute reliability.

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(Continued.)

alone—if there is anybody who runs a Ford for joy-riding.

There are two principal aspects of present-day taxation which have to be combated. The one is the horse-power tax, which does not tax in relation to road use. The other is the principle that all cars are luxury vehicles. If we keep hammering away on these two points as the main proposition, we shall in all human probability secure a large measure of relief next year.

### The French Grand Prix.

At one time the classic race of the

year, the French Grand Prix seems now to have fallen on evil times. For some reason or other, the Automobile Club de France has decided to make a track race of the event, and it is to be held on Sunday on the Miramas track, near Marseilles. Apparently, the motor manufacturers across the Channel do not like the conditions, since only three French firms have entered, these being Delage, Bugatti, and Violet-Sima. Britain will be represented by the Talbot firm, one of whose cars will be driven by Major Segrave; while there is an independent entry from this side of the Channel, Captain Malcolm Campbell having entered a Talbot, which he will drive himself. Quite the most interesting entry is that of the Violet-Sima concern, who are racing a team of cars of novel design, driven by two-stroke engines. I imagine that very few British motorists will think it worth while to make the long journey to Miramas to witness a Grand Prix so shorn of its former glories, so unlikely to give the thrills that accompany big events on roads with "hair-pin" bends and other excitements for the curious onlooker.

### THE FINISH OF THE ASCOT GOLD CUP: SOLARIO WINNING FROM PRIORI II., WITH PONS ASINORUM THIRD.

Sir John Rutherford's Solario (J. Childs up) won the Ascot Gold Cup, on June 17, by three lengths from Comte G. de Chavagnac's French colt, Priori II. (Allemand up). Mr. S. B. Joel's Pons Asinorum (H. Wragg up) took third place.—(Photograph by I.B.)

derland for the naturalist and all who enjoy fine country and open-air life. It makes a magnificent holiday ground. We illustrate a typical portion of it in a double-page colour picture in this number.

There is a great variety of interest in the park. "In addition to the unique display of animal life," writes Colonel J. Stevenson Hamilton, Warden of the Transvaal Game Reserve, in his report, "there are many strikingly beautiful and wild pieces of scenery, and a great field for the botanist and lover of nature generally. . . . The few resident natives live still, to a great extent, under tribal law, unspoiled by contact with civilisation. . . . The caves, which appear in nearly all the rock outcrops throughout, are of interest, and might offer results to the archaeologist; while the Bushman paintings are certain to provide attraction. . . . The rocky steepes of the Lembombo hills, as well as the many considerable isolated hills and kopjes which stud the interior, afford opportunities for mountain-climbing."

As regards the wild animals to be seen, Colonel Hamilton says that wildebeest and waterbuck are the most numerous of the large species, and next to them zebras. Warthogs are also very prolific. Two main herds of elephants are permanently located near the Letaba and Tendi rivers, and a few black rhinoceros exist near the Shingwedsi river. The hippopotamus is to be found in all the larger rivers. Giraffes are increasing, and so are buffaloes and elands, which were formerly extinct in the Transvaal. The number of lions is estimated at not more than six hundred. Leopards are becoming scarce, and there are fewer wild dogs; but hyenas, once almost extinct, have slightly increased. Other animals in the reserve include the kudu, antelope (roan and sable), impala, reedbuck, bushbuck, steenbuck, klipspringer, duiker, and a few oribi.

Those contemplating a visit to South Africa are advised to consult the Publicity Agent at South Africa House, Trafalgar Square, W.C.

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Are you able to enjoy all the pleasures of summer time to the full, or are you the unfortunate possessor of a taste for out-of-door pursuits and a sensitive skin which is irritated by exposure to sun, wind or sea? Buy a bottle of

## BEETHAM'S La-rola

and try the effect of using it morning and evening on your complexion, hands and arms. La-rola is the perfect protection against all kinds of weather—a skin preserver and beautifier which enables you always to look and feel your best.

From all Chemists and Stores in bottles, 1/6

"THE COMPLEXION will be greatly improved by using La-rola Toilet Powder, 2/6 per box, and a touch of La-rola Rose Bloom, 1/- per box, which gives a perfectly natural tint to the cheeks. No one can tell they are artificial."

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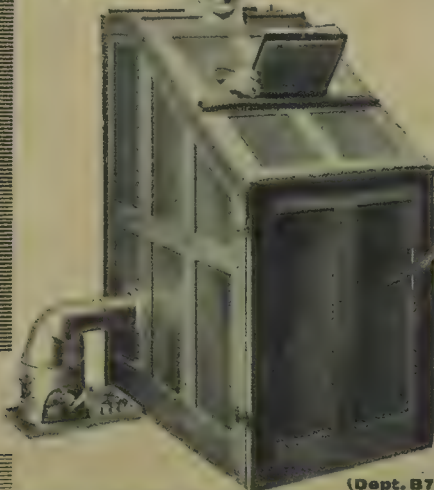
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is perfect action of the millions of pores in the skin  
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There is no better means of keeping the pores open  
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## A DELIGHTFUL BRITISH BIRD BOOK.

(See Illustrations on Page 1131.)

ONE can imagine the thrill of pleasure which the subscribers to Mr. Thorburn's sumptuous book on British Birds must feel as the successive volumes make their appearance. Volume III., now before me, will make a stirring appeal both to the bird-lover and the sportsman naturalist, since it contains the swans, geese, and ducks, and the first instalment of the "shore-birds." It is a book which appeals to the eye first and foremost, for its coloured plates have lost little of their original splendour by the process of reproduction. The brief text is more than merely descriptive of the several species described, for in turning over its pages one is constantly meeting with fresh facts and notable aspects of bird life.

In his account, for example, of the Brent Goose, he quotes the experience of an airman as to the height at which birds fly. "While flying on duty," he says, "between Bethune and La Bassée at a height of 8500 feet this afternoon (Nov. 26), I was astonished to see a flock of about 500 ducks, or geese, passing over Bethune at least 3000 feet above the level of our machine. The wind was about 45-50 m.p.h. N.N.E., and the birds were travelling due south. They were travelling at tremendous speed. . . ." "This shows," remarks Mr. Thorburn, "that the birds were at an altitude of about two and a-quarter miles, and doubtless quite out of sight from the ground."

Having regard to the immense services rendered to the farmer by the lapwing, it is distressing to read that "owing to the great demand for plovers' eggs, which are gathered in thousands for the table . . . lapwings are certainly much less numerous than formerly. Great numbers are also caught in nets erected on the mud-flats of the Lincolnshire coast and elsewhere, and this helps to thin the

ranks of this most useful and harmless bird." Surely it is time that this wholesale slaughter was stopped.

Most of us are aware of the fact that the woodcock will, on occasion, carry off its young in mid-air over considerable distances, but Mr. Thorburn tells us, on good authority, that the oystercatcher will do as much if the need arises. I cannot remember ever to have seen this recorded before. But the

bird as a breeding species in England, he remarks, quoting Stevenson—

"At Salthouse, long prior to the drainage of the marshes and the erection of a raised sea-bank, the avocets had become exterminated by the same wanton destruction of both birds and eggs as is yearly diminishing the numbers of the lesser terns and ringed plover on the adjacent beach. I have conversed with an octogenarian fowler and marshman, named Piggott, who remembered the 'Clinkers' (as the bird was there called) breeding in the marshes by hundreds, and used constantly to gather their eggs. Mr. Dowell also was informed by the late Harry Overton . . . that in his young time he used to gather the avocets' eggs, filling his cap and coat pockets, and even his stockings, and the poor people thereabouts made puddings and pancakes of them!" Inasmuch as by rigid protection we have got the bittern and Montagu's harrier back again as breeding birds, and occasionally the ruff, it is not too much to hope that we may yet bring back a pair or two of avocets, since those birds still visit us in the spring.

Here and there Mr. Thorburn touches on debatable ground; as, for example, where he sides with those—and they are a goodly company—who hold that geese put out sentinels while they are feeding, lest they be taken by surprise. Pondering this matter, one cannot suppress a feeling of doubt as to whether birds have sufficient reasoning powers and foresight to enable them to adopt such precautionary measures.

Naturally wary, some or other of the flock are always lifting their heads, instinctively, to mark the possible presence of an enemy, and these, conspicuous among the feeding host, have given rise to the impression of deliberately appointed "scouts" set apart to enable the rest to feed in safety. The great beauty of the plates in this book has made the selection of examples one of considerable difficulty. W. P. PYCRAFT.



"FOOTSTEPS," BY HERBERT DICKSEE, R.E.: A DELIGHTFUL NEW ETCHING OF TWO TERRIERS (A WEST HIGHLANDER AND A CAIRN)—A REPRODUCTION OF A SIGNED ARTIST'S PROOF.

The above is a reproduction (much reduced) from a signed artist's proof impression, on vellum, of a new original etching by Mr. Herbert Dicksee, R.E., who has two etchings in this year's Royal Academy. The artist's proofs of "Footsteps" are strictly limited in number. The edition is limited to 325, and the price is £6 6s. net. The etching is published by Messrs. Frost and Reed, 10, Clare Street, Bristol.

Copyright 1926 by Frost and Reed, Ltd. (of Bristol), and in the United States.

oystercatcher, it would seem, acts thus only when its young appear to be in danger: the woodcock, however, will do so when its nesting site and its feeding ground are far apart, when the journey has to be made at least twice daily.

A pitiful story is told of the avocet, one of the most remarkable of our wading birds, and now one of our rarest. Referring to the extinction of this



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THE EPICURE'S WINE

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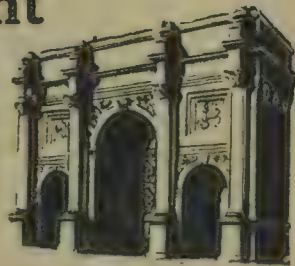
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necessitates smooth riding; smooth riding necessitates, not ordinary shock absorbers, but Gabriel Snubbers. Come to the new Gabriel Service Station, and see *why* the exclusive design of Gabriel Snubbers. Try them on 30 days' trial. Or send us a card.

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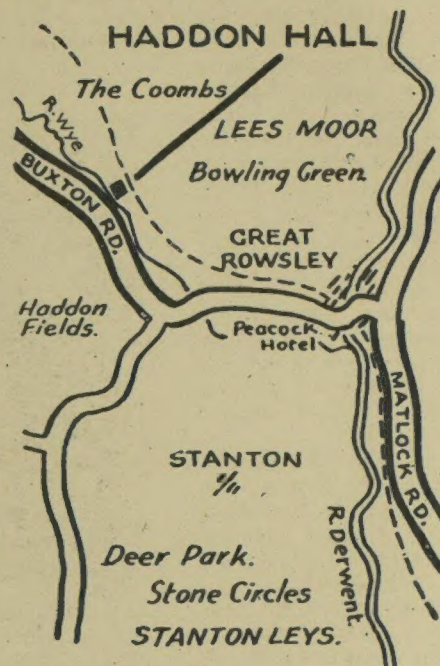
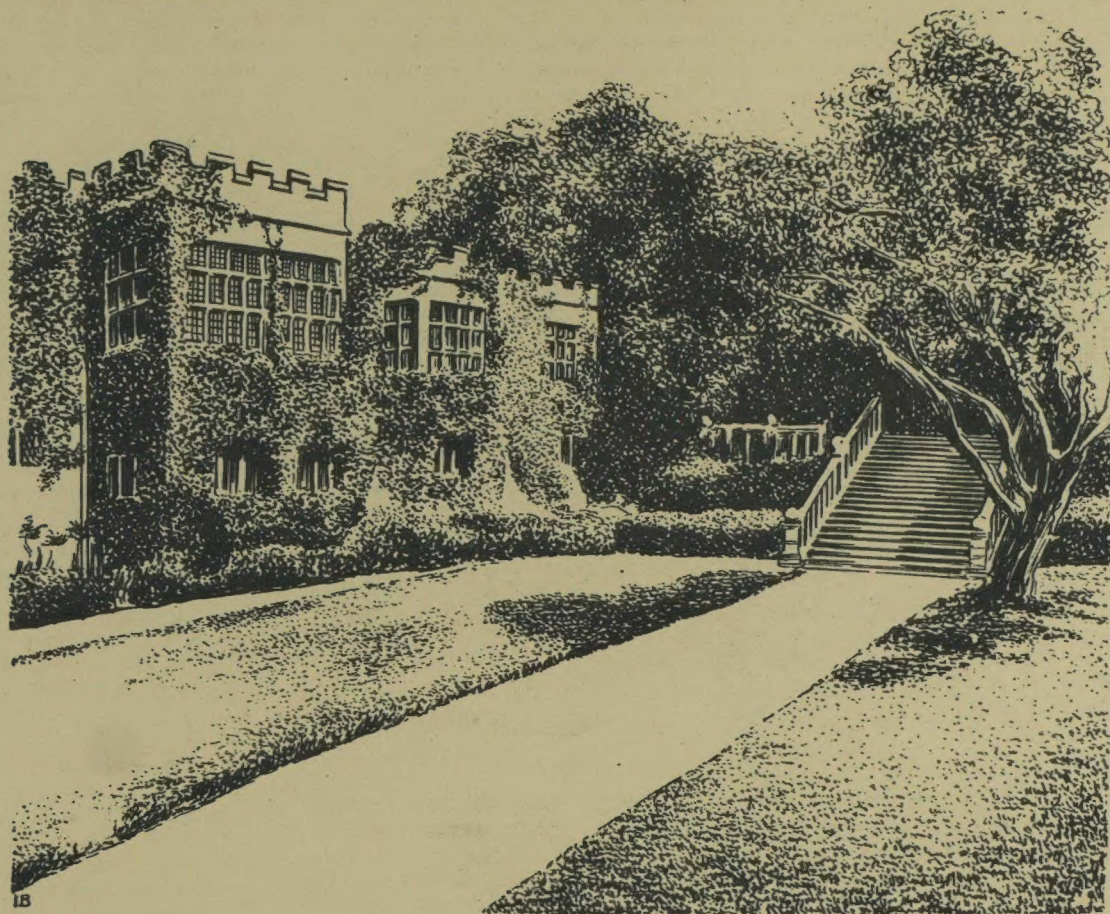
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super-smooth-  
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London	-	151	miles
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Manchester	-	38	"
Newcastle	-	151	"
Bristol	-	156	"
Southampton	-	181	"

## HADDON HALL

Chiefly of Norman origin, Haddon is the seat of the Vernon and Manners families, and, incidentally, is the "Martindale Hall" of Scott's novel, "Peveril of the Peak."

The Hall came into the possession of the Manners family through the marriage of the famous Dorothy Vernon with Sir John Manners, the story of whose romantic elopement has provided a theme for poets and authors.

About 25 miles north-west of Derby, the Hall lies in the hilly Peak district of Derbyshire.

Steep hills and narrow lanes will not deter you if you run on "BP," the British Petrol. For this highly volatile motor spirit provides your engine with that clean powerful mixture which is the secret of successful running. And "BP" is produced within these shores by the most modern methods known to science. It is clean, uniform, economical, reliable—and it is British.

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*The British Petrol*

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## RADIO NOTES.

A FOUR-VALVE receiving-set installed a year ago gave the most satisfactory results until a month back, when the quality of reproduction issuing from the loud-speaker began to deteriorate and became worse every day. The symptoms included distortion, weak reproduction, crackles, and the like, and ultimately the owner was loth to switch on when friends were present. An inspection of the interior parts of the receiver failed to discover anything wrong. The accumulator which supplied the four dull-emitter valves was new and fully charged. Eventually the trouble was traced to the two high-tension batteries which had been in continuous service since the set was installed.

At the cost of a few shillings, new batteries were connected up, and at the same time a new "grid bias" battery, costing sixpence, was inserted in place of the old one, in its small compartment inside the set. Immediately after these changes had been made, the receiver was switched on, when broadcast music, pure and strong, with a completely silent background, filled the room once more to the entire satisfaction of the listeners.

Broadcasts rendered by first-class singers, individual instrumentalists, and the best orchestras, deserve to be heard from the most efficient receiving apparatus it is possible to obtain. Though the receiving-set itself may be of the best, the finest reception can only be acquired with the assistance of a well-designed loud-speaker. It is false economy to invest in a cheap instrument. In many homes it is fast becoming the custom to disguise receiving

apparatus, or to hide it completely, as was suggested in these notes a year or two ago. In regard to the disguise of loud-speakers, we may mention that during the last few weeks we have listened to broadcasts issuing from an entirely new design of hornless loud-speaker, which renders extraordinarily truthful reproduction of music and speech. The mechanism of the "Celestion Radiophone," as the device is named, is enclosed in a polished cabinet of mahogany, oak, or walnut, as may be required to match other furniture. The electro-mechanical movements of a vibrating armature fixed to the centre of a reinforced conical diaphragm cause reproduction of broadcast sounds to issue through apertures in the ornamental tracery which forms an artistic front to the cabinet. At the back of the cabinet are two terminals for attaching connecting cords to the receiver, and there is a milled knob for adjusting the strength of sound, volume. The quality of reproduction given out by this unique instrument is a revelation to all who hear it. A broadcast voice is as a real voice in the immediate vicinity of hearing. The reproduction of a violin, pianoforte, 'cello, flute, trombone, saxophone—even the tympani—is rendered faithfully as though listening to the original performance. Undesirable resonances are entirely eliminated in the Celestion Radiophone, and every shade of tone or inflection of the human voice is conveyed with fidelity. Readers who may be interested in this new loud-speaker, which can be obtained in various styles from £5 10s. upward, may obtain further particulars from the Celestion Radio Company, 29-31, High Street, Hampton Wick, Kingston-on-Thames.

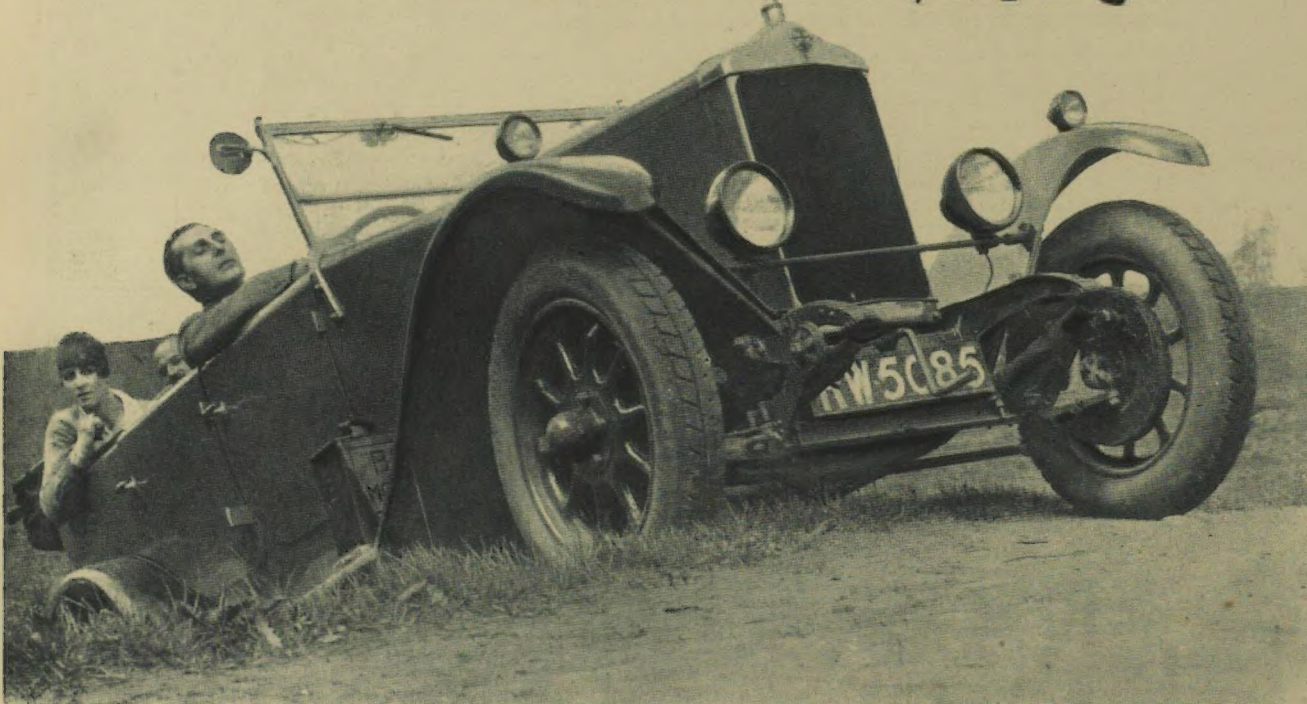
PICTORIAL WIT AND MAGIC PICTURES:  
"The Sketch Book and 'Printers' Pie.'"

THE coming of the holiday season means energetic days of golf, lawn tennis, and other country pursuits—but to make such vacations perfect one must have some lazy moments with light literature. When making up the list of holiday reading, "The Sketch Book and Printers' Pie" must not be forgotten;

The most remarkable feature of the summer number of "The Sketch Book and Printers' Pie" is provided by the Magic Pictures which it contains. Readers of *The Illustrated London News* are familiar with the amazing effects achieved by Anaglyph Pictures, but even they will be surprised by "The Sketch Book and 'Printers' Pie" Magic Pictures, which stand up by themselves. They represent the very latest development of the strange art of the anaglyph, and when viewed through the necessary mask not only stand up, but seem to come to life. A fleet of small yachts will sway as if they were really on a moving sea; a parrot will swing in his cage; and a crane will "work" before the reader's eyes. There is no difficulty in seeing them either, as every issue of "The Sketch Book" contains one of the necessary masks, given away free to each purchaser. The fiction in "The Sketch Book and Printers' Pie" is contributed by such popular authors as Ben Travers, Victor MacClure, and Alan Kemp. There is an illustrated poem by William Caine, and a wealth of coloured pages by such well-known artists as René Bull, Wallis Mills, Felix de Gray, Dorothy Morgan, etc. W. Heath Robinson, Bert Thomas, Illingworth, and other distinguished comic artists have contributed pages of pictorial wit.

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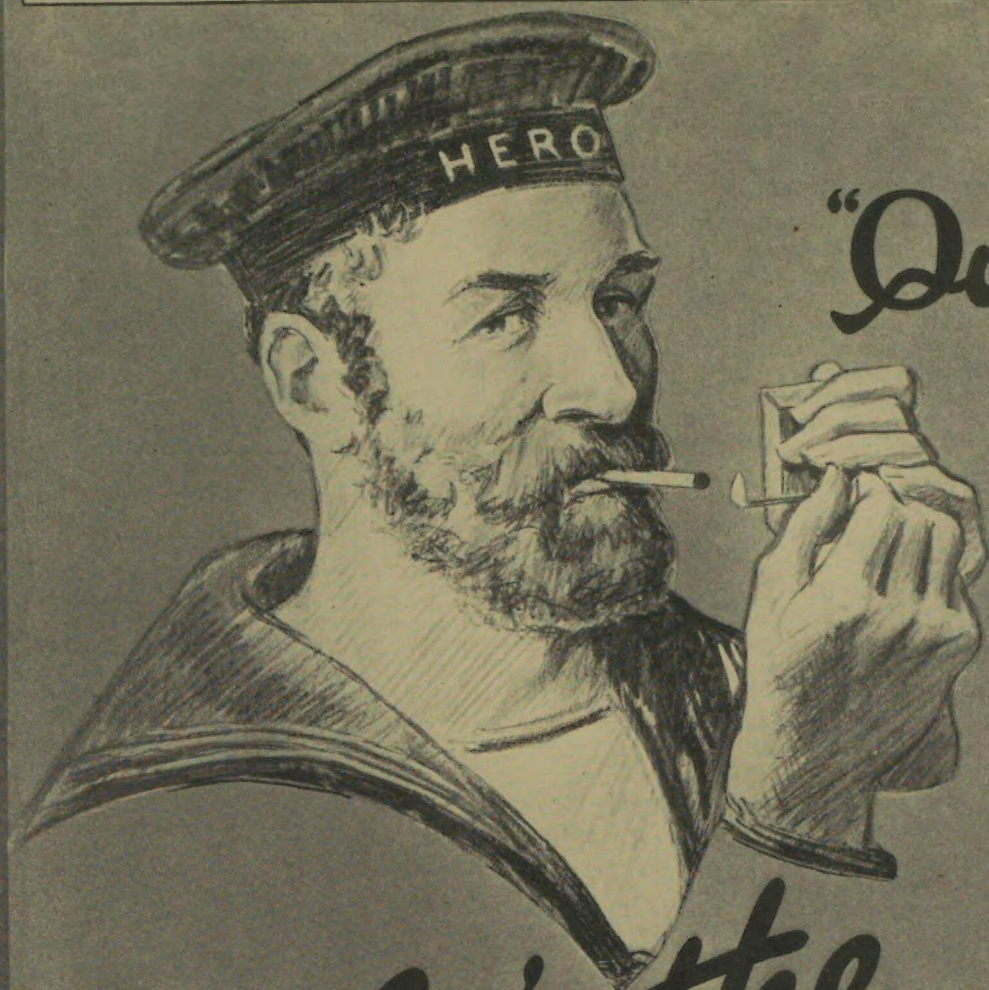
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## THE WORLD OF THE KINEMA.

BY MICHAEL ORME.

## THE SCREEN AND THE SOUL.

THE average American is a shrewd individual with a very definite idea of what the public wants. Strong meat, glitter and glory, sex-conflict, romance—these form part of "the goods" which he "hands out" with a generous and practised hand. He means to entertain at any price, and, though we may not always agree with his ideas of entertainment, his policy is generally clear enough. Therefore, when I am confronted with a film-drama like "The White Monkey," I ask myself what purpose can there be in taking a well-known and widely appreciated book and robbing it ruthlessly of its soul? No one could accuse the American producer of lack of imagination. It is his greatest asset—the tonic for many a thin-blooded scenario, the fillip to many a dull one. Yet time and again it seems to fail him when he is called upon to lift his material from the pages of a book. I am not referring to the romantic novel or the book of adventure. These often respond amiably enough to the producer's manipulations—as, for example, the Fox film, recently released, "The Winding Stair," an excellent, swift-moving melodrama in which justice was done alike to the story and to the setting.

But when we come to Galsworthy's "White Monkey" and books of a similar fibre, *c'est une autre paire de manches*. Here the American imagination seems to cry a halt. All too often, the producer gives us the bare bones of the story and forgets that the interest lay not in these bones, well selected though they may have been for their purpose, but in the soul of the men and women playing their brief comedies or tragedies between the covers of the book. There is nothing in the eternal triangle of Fleur Forsythe, the heroine of "The White Monkey," her husband, Michael Mont, and his friend, Wilfrid Desert, taken at its surface value, to justify its selection as a suitable film subject. It is not particularly powerful nor even particularly dramatic—on the surface! But, as we recall the book, there comes back to us the pulse of life throbbing beneath that surface, quickening it to responsive ripples. Intensely dramatic is that hidden

pulse—strong, insistent, emotional. It betrayed all the restlessness of post-war youth, all its blind questing, its *Weltschmerz*, that seemed epitomised in the picture of the white monkey, delicately rending and scattering the fruit in its paws, mute tragedy in its eyes. Without any indication of these undercurrents, Fleur can be neither understood nor forgiven.

Why, then, should a fine study of men and women be spoiled by this process of mental desiccation? The producer might answer that these subtleties of

leave such books as "The White Monkey" sever alone or try to learn a lesson from the German producers. They have shown us that the Art of the Kinema has its own methods for revealing the realm of the mind—the sphere of the soul, let us call it.

"Vaudeville," that powerful drama of the variety stage recently shown in London, was a chapter of life transferred to the screen with unrelenting realism. Yet it lost not one iota of its actuality, because we were permitted, by a wonderful combination of technique and imagination, to see through the eyes of its central character for a few brief moments. This man, a master acrobat and the finest "catcher" amongst the trapeze artists of his day, is fiercely jealous of his younger partner, who has won the fickle favour of the "catcher's" sweetheart. Night after night the younger man's life is literally in the "catcher's" hands. The slightest hesitation and the sensational triple somersault of the young acrobat will end in death on the stone floor far below. The horrible temptation to be thus revenged comes to the "catcher" just before the fateful moment! He dreads it—he fights it—all his pride as an artist, his instinct as a "bullet-proof" acrobat, are up in arms. Not thus can he kill his enemy. And we see—actually see—his thought, his dread. The myriads of eyes peering up at him from the smoke-laden hall, the reeling lights now above, now below him, as he swings with the murderous though hammering at his soul, the imagined catastrophe—we see it all. We suffer with him—we heave, with him, a sigh of relief when he conquers that clamorous moment of weakness. Not a word of text on the screen, yet the mentality of this big acrobat, half-child, half-bully, guilty of lust and of murder, but unable to fail in the honour of his profession, is made as clear to us as if a hundred pages had been devoted to its explanation.

The scope of the camera is unlimited; it should be exploited to the full. It can adapt its powers to any task. Satire and wit are not beyond its evocation, nor is the soul. But to invade that sphere it needs a human understanding and an imagination which can visualise even the intangible. A lesser imagination had far better stick to the Wild West or the Romantic Sheik. The subtleties of "The White Monkey" and his kin will lead to his disappointment and to ours.



A WOODLAND "CINDERELLA" WHO HAS CARVED HER MYSTERIOUS LOVER'S NAME ON A TREE: LYA MARA AS CHRISTEL IN "FLOWER OF THE FOREST"—A SPECIAL PRODUCTION AT THE STOLL.

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the soul need the help of words. He might protest that the psychology of his characters must be revealed by their actions; that mental processes too subtle, too obscure, to be so revealed must either be ignored or explained by lengthy sub-titles, and these—he might add with a superior smile—are taboo to the up-to-date film-makers. If he should argue thus, he had better



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